Vol. CXXXV. No. 1755.

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[THE BYSTANDER, AUGUST 4, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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The Passing Hour, by A. G. Macdonell

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FRANCE—*continued*

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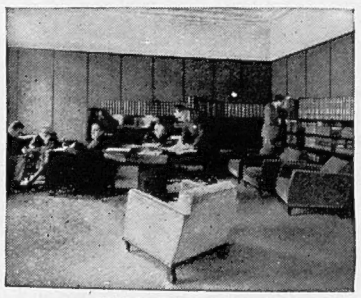

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The Bystander

Tunbridge

Dita Parlo Makes Her First English Film

She is one of the several tri-lingual, transcontinental stars who started their careers in the great days of Ufa in Berlin; but the first screen appearance at sixteen years old of this intelligent, blonde, brown-eyed Stettiner girl hardly augured her future—she was blacked all over and played as a negress dancer. Erich Pommer later spotted her true possibilities and made her name in *Home Coming*, since then she has been all over the place, Vienna, Hollywood, Switzerland, Egypt, India, and Paris, consolidating her reputation in the last with *Rapt*, *They Shall Not Pass*, *The Great Illusion* (still running in Paris) and *Mademoiselle Docteur*, whose English version she is over here to make. Max Schach is the producer, Edmond ("Remous") Greville the director, John Loder and Erich ("Prussian Officer") Stroheim as co-stars. This last legendary figure Miss Parlo regards as one of the four greatest in pictures; she also writes poetry and has socialistic ideas about the film industry

A. P. Herbert Finds a Key to Holy Deadlock

"I swear that this Bill shall be passed into law before this Parliament is over." This Disraeli-like pronouncement from the maiden speech of Oxford University's senior burgess caused Parliament's older hands to shake their heads; but A. P. Herbert's Marriage Bill, first waved before the Commons in this fashion at the end of 1935, was given a second reading by them in November, 1936, passed all its stages in eight months, received the Royal Assent last week and takes effect from next New Year's Day as the Matrimonial Causes Bill. It is the most spectacularly successful of all A.P.H.'s crusades, and the most important private member's bill to reach the Statute Book this century, but its sponsor took his triumph modestly. It is certain that the Government's benevolent attitude to the Bill's later stages and the Archbishop's decision to abstain from voting in the Lords were strongly contributory to the result. This picture of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert was taken at their Hammersmith Terrace house, whence he conducts his other activities — novel and play-writing, regular contributions to *Punch*, tilts against other windmills (such as the licensing and betting laws) and, of course, sailing

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

PARLIAMENT has risen after one of the dullest and most sluggish sessions on record. For weeks and weeks in the beginning hardly any Members attended, and the House was repeatedly counted out because there were not forty Members present. The average attendance, night after night, was seldom more than fifty. After the Coronation things improved a little, and on one or two occasions there was a distinct liveliness. This was particularly notable in the Palestine debate. But the real trouble throughout the session has been that the Opposition leaders have been so feeble that the Government has not had to try. They could take things easily, and they did.

MR. DE LA BERE, the Conservative M.P. for Evesham, has raised an important point in Parliamentary procedure. It was he who drew the lucky place in the ballot on Private Members' Bills, and handed his place to Mr. Herbert for his Marriage Bill. Mr. De La Bere now points out that "here was an important Bill, which, but for a lucky dip in the bag at the ballot, might never have seen the light of day." It does seem extraordinary that chance should have such an influence, particularly in a case like this, which will affect the lives of many thousands of men and women in the future, over our dramatic procedure.

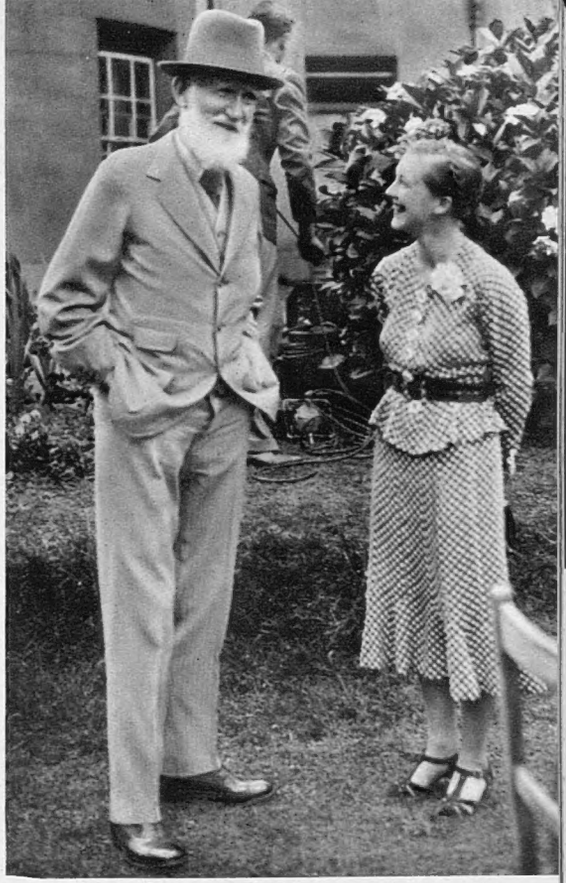
IT will be interesting to see what Mr. Herbert is going to do next. For no one can suppose that that restless and dynamic spirit is going to retire into the cabbage-patch. The betting-laws and the absurd drinking-laws would seem to be the next targets, for Mr. Herbert has long been tilting at their anomalies in prose and poetry. The capital part of the situation is that Mr. Herbert has completely mastered parliamentary procedure in an incredibly short space of time—a thing which old-timers have always maintained was a matter of years and years—and has got the wits to make short-cuts through that procedure and the personality to make those short-cuts acceptable. He has brought off some audacious coups during this Session, and has gained the warm respect of the whole House. It is not easy to do both.

THE Government has taken a wise and firm line over the limitation of Naval Artillery. The Japanese having announced that they would not accept the limit of the 14-inch gun, we have now tactfully hinted that it would be to Japanese advantage to come into line and not to insist upon the 16-inch. "There is not the smallest intention," said Lord Stanhope, "that we should send our men to sea in ships inferior to those they may meet of any other power." Whether the wild men who seem to be in charge of Japan's affairs will pay attention to the hint or not is another matter. But there is no doubt whatever that the finances of Tokio are less able to stand the strain of a race in battleships than the finances of London.

AN Army League is going to be formed for the purpose of popularising the Army, on the same sort of lines as the Navy League works for the Navy. A preliminary committee has issued a report, and this committee has gallantly tackled the nub of the problem, which the Government has for so long consistently refused to touch. This problem is, of course, whether or not we are to maintain an army which shall be designed to fight in a continental war. The committee is in favour of another "Expeditionary Force." Many reasons are put forward for the failure of recruiting, such as bad pay, vexatious restrictions, uncertainty of future employment, and so on. Personally, I am convinced that the real reason why young men do not rush to enlist is that their fathers and uncles have told them all about Passchendaele. So long as ludicrous generals are likely to fling infantry into continental battles on the lines of 1917, recruiting, I am certain, will be bad.

It is significant that the Navy and the Air Force have no difficulty whatever in getting recruits.

THERE has been a change of mind, or rather a change of sentiment—because the authorities of the State of Alabama have shown that they obviously have no minds—over the Scottsboro boys. The charge of criminal assault against four of the negro boys has been suddenly withdrawn, and the quartet have been released. Of the other five, two have



The Sage of Malvern

The Malvern Festival opened last week with Mr. Shaw's "The Millionairess." Here he is talking to Miss Curigwen Lewis, who made such a success last year in "Jane Eyre"

Sir Thomas Inskip Presents Prizes

Stowe School had Sir Thomas Inskip to present its prizes on Speech Day. Here the Minister of Co-ordination of Defence is with the Headmaster, Mr. J. F. Roxburgh, one of the most successful headmasters of the day

A Ballerina and Her Bedspread

Left: Mlle. Alexandra Danilova made that elegant bedspread herself, and all out of the ribbons off bouquets she received during one season

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 167)

been sentenced to 75 years in gaol, one to 99 years, one to 20 years, and one to death. The position now is that the State of Alabama is only five-ninths a State of injustice and criminal stupidity.

BECAUSE I have not been publishing during the last few weeks communiqués from the vandal front, it must not be thought that the enemy have been lying low. Far from it. But the Palmerston Front on which British ships are captured under the muzzles of British battleships has somewhat overshadowed the other trench line. The latest development is the idea of the local authorities to drive a great concrete road through the very heart of the Gilbert White country at Selborne, in order that motorists, who wish to get from one place to another, may do it in two minutes less than they can manage it now. Gilbert White probably did more for the study of birds in this country than any one man, or indeed all others put together, who have lived in the last 200 years. I cannot do more than make my protest. I have no doubt whatever that the motorists will score the same inevitable success over beautiful England as they score every day over the pedestrian.

WE are so accustomed to weird headlines nowadays that it occasionally comes as a surprise when a headline means what it says. Thus "Potato Returns" seemed to me at first to be a headline to a story of Captain Jones, the famous potato skipper of the Merchant Marine, coming back to this country after running the blockade of Santander. But it meant what it said, and the paragraph was simply about the returns made by farmers to the Potato Marketing Board.

THE original of another celebrated character in fiction has just died in America. The unfortunate Mr. Vivien Burnett had to live through a long life under the appalling stigma of having inspired that beastliest of all imaginary small boys, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." That hideous little prig, with his collar, and his velvet, and his loathesomely engaging manners, was even worse than Eric. The irony of Mr. Burnett's life was that he developed into a rugged, powerful, almost caveman type, but he never lived down his mother's unfortunate, but highly lucrative, indiscretion.

A MISERABLE generation is growing up which appears to have no reverence for the immortal Sherlock Holmes. A film, based upon the short story, *Silver Blaze*, has been jeered at in a West End cinema. To your true Sherlockian this is nothing less than sacrilege. But it may be argued that this was only an outburst of the ignorant proletariat. What can be said for Dr. Stephen Leacock, that experienced and learned expert in economics who, only a week or two ago has published a suggested expense account sent in by Mr. Sherlock Holmes? All the expenses are put down in dollars; railways are described as railroads; and fares for taxi cabs are included. All I can say of this atrocious performance is that Dr. Leacock must be in alliance with Mr. Christopher Morley in trying to prove that Holmes was an American.

WHAT an astounding career Bulldog Drummond has had. There must be many young gentlemen in public schools to-day who cannot remember a time when there was no Bulldog in pursuit of mysterious, and incredibly incompetent, international criminals. I went, last week, to the Theatre Royal at Brighton, to see yet another reincarnation of Hugh Drummond, and it was as exciting as any of the old ones. Incidentally, the author was "Joe" Fairlie, who was not only the original character from which the Bull Dog was taken, but, even more important, was once the golf expert of the BYSTANDER. He is also a scratch golfer, and once took the great Lawson Little to the last hole of the Championship of Southern California. His new play has now gone to the Peoples' Palace in the Mile End Road. It will teach the tough citizens of that locality a thing or two.

I WROTE a few weeks ago about John Montague, "the mystery man of Hollywood" who was said to be the most wonderful golfer in the world, and to have beaten Bing Crosby in a golf match, using, instead of clubs, a baseball bat, a garden rake, and a shovel. I expressed my disbelief. The full story is now out and I find that I am right. As this is a thing that does not often happen to me, I am naturally delighted. The points about this famous match are (1) that it consisted of only one hole. (2) That Montague's drive consisted in throwing the ball up in the air and hitting it 200 yards with the baseball bat. By thus handling the ball he automatically lost the hole. (3) He scooped his second shot out of the bunker with the shovel. The scoop being an illegal stroke, he automatically lost one stroke. (4) By grounding the shovel in the bunker he automatically lost two more strokes. And (5) by using the rake as a billiard cue in order to hole his putt, he automatically lost the hole by playing in a manner contrary to the rules of golf. In other words, never was anyone more decisively beaten at a single hole in golf than Mr. John Montague.

An Owner Arrives at Goodwood

Mr. James de Rothschild, M.P., whose wife was just leaving her car, had a horse Giovinezza, running in the big race on the first day but it wasn't placed

Lady Bessborough and Lady Linlithgow

The wives of the ex-Governor-General of Canada and the Viceroy of India arrived together. Lady Linlithgow's son, Lord John Hope, owns Braemar, which was last in the Stewards' Cup

Norfolk Family Party

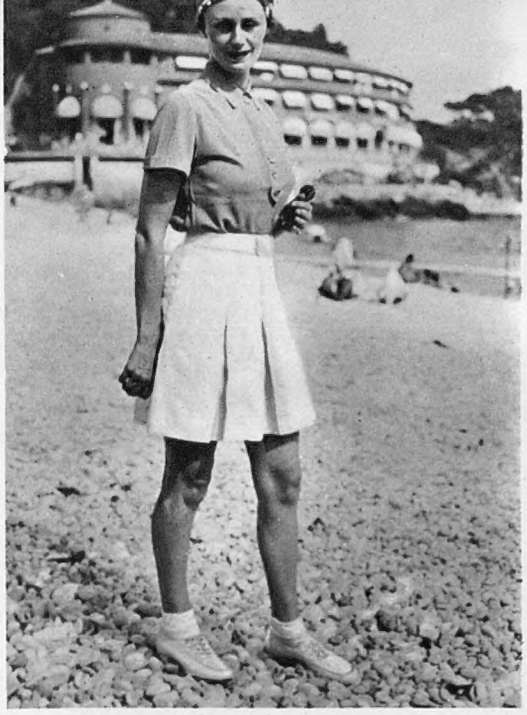
The Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duchess of Norfolk had just arrived from Arundel Castle, which is only a few miles from Goodwood

Left : Miss Eleanor Watts was all in yellow and white, including the handkerchief turban. She is a great balletomane and has done a good deal of scenery designing. Her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hanbury, have now joined her at Monte Carlo

Right : Mrs. " Buster " Tonge, who was Felicity Seddon, one of London's leading mannequins, before her marriage, was step-sitting with Miles Illingworth

Night and Day

People on the Monte Carlo Waterfront

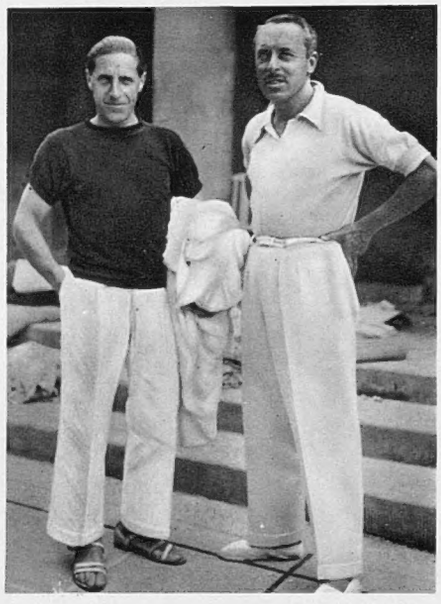


Miss Eleanor Watts

Mrs. Tonge and Mr. Illingworth

Sun-Specs

The Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard wore one pair and Princess Michel Chervachedze the outsize " gig-lamps." Mrs. Howard's husband is Lord Suffolk's youngest brother



M. Landau and Mr. Soher

Vladimir Landau, who runs the Country Club, was talking to Rodney Soher, who had arrived in his yacht Tyrant with Noel Coward on board. He has now gone to the Dalmatian coast

Sporting Club Evening

Mrs. Ralph Hanké and Mrs. Wilfred Tennant-Hunter, the lovely Australian wife of the polo-player, had Richard Prichard-Jones as escort. He was going back to Ireland to be best man to his brother, Sir John Prichard-Jones

Right : a Riviera honeymoon couple are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Purbrick, who had motored over to Monte Carlo from Antibes. She was Daphne Kingsmill, and he is Reginald Purbrick's son

Mr. Jack Heaton and Mme. Unzue

Jack Heaton and Mme. Unzue both show a good example of sun-tan to shame the new arrivals, accented in her case by her white, flower-patterned dress. She was " Baby " Robinson, from Biarritz, before she married her Argentine husband

Social Register

CHRISTENINGS ARE IN SEASON

Russell Pasha, Grandfather

Russell Pasha's grandson Mark Sykes had just been christened at Westminster Cathedral. His mother is Mrs. Christopher Sykes, who was Camilla Russell before she married Sir Richard Sykes' bearded brother

Scottish Son and Heir

The Hon. Robert and Mrs. Dundas, married last year, have a son, christened Robert David at Lasswade, Midlothian. Robert Dundas is Viscount Melville's brother; his wife was Margaret Ross, and comes from Ayrshire

Scottish Daughter's First Party

Fiona Margaret Munro is the daughter of Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, of Linderlis, Forfarshire. In the group are her father, the Rev. Harry Rorison, of St. Mary's, Kirriemuir, who baptised her, her mother (who was Moira Hunter) and her godparents, Alexander Irvine, of Drum Castle, and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy

OFFICIAL WINDOW-GAZING

Lord Dufferin Looks at a Casket from Ceylon

The Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies opened the Exhibition, at the Imperial Institute, of Coronation addresses and messages to the King and Queen from the Colonial Empire. The address and casket at which Lord and Lady Dufferin are gazing was sent by the Sultan of the Maldive Islands

A VISIT TO THE SEASIDE

The Duchess of Kent and Her Son

Right: the Duchess of Kent was leaving Belgrave Square with Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra to take them down to Sandwich for their seaside holiday. It was on the way that their car collided with another on Wrotham Hill, but happily no one was hurt

CURES ARE IN SEASON TOO

They Had Taken Their Morning Drink at Vichy

The Comte de Brinon, Mme. Raymond Bamberger and Mme. Henri Labouret were just off to have lunch before golf. Mme. Ivan Maquinay, who leads a handsome chow, is the wife of the Belgian oil-king, and has a great reputation for chic. She has a famous collection of jewels, and her husband owns race-horses in France and Belgium

TRAVELLING FOR DUTY

Mrs. Neville Chamberlain

The Prime Minister's wife was in a railway carriage at Euston, prepared with three pencils to write her speech; she was going to open a new block of flats in Manchester

and Daughter

RACING WEEK IN SUSSEX

Printed Dresses and Dark Coats

Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck and the Duchess of Roxburghe wore what was almost a uniform for the cool but fine and pleasant weather on the first days of the Goodwood meeting

His Father Won Some Races

Lady Brownlow was talking to Prince Aly Khan on the first day when the Aga Khan won the second race, and had two thirds. He was the breeder of Firozepore, which won the Stewards' Cup

The setting for polo at Cowdray Park is as lovely as the setting for racing at Goodwood; everyone who can makes a Cowdray evening part of their Goodwood day. Above are Cowdray beating Friary Park in the opening match of the Polo Week: Major Jack Harrison, R. Calthorpe, Captain P. W. Dollar, Major P. Magor, J. Lakin, Captain H. P. Guinness and Lord Cowdray. A. David was the fourth member of Friary Park

Adjunct to Goodwood

The Polo Week at Cowdray Park

Left: the Hon. Daphne Pearson, Lord Cowdray's youngest sister, rides one of the umpires' ponies

Lord Cowdray, who played excellent polo for the home team, is with his mother, Lady Cowdray

Left: Miss Georgina Wernher and Lady Zia Wernher watched Sir Harold Wernher's team, Someries House, beat the Wallabies

Far left: Miss Veronica Harrison, Lord Barnby and Miss Patricia Harrison walking to the ground

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 31

Leontine Sagan

LEONTINE SAGAN (pronounced Sahgahn) is Austrian by birth, South African by upbringing, and cosmopolitan by choice. Originally an actress, she went to the Max Reinhardt School in Berlin for two years, played Isolde in a Tristan play, followed it up with a lot of Ibsen, then starred for two years in Vienna, five in Berlin and ten in Frankfort. It was here that she was given her first chance at production. This was in a Shaw play and the comedian said how nice it was to have a producer whose hands he could kiss. She was then 27 and a raging beauty. It was really *Mädchen in Uniform* which made her reputation as a producer. She did the original German film version as well as the stage play. Since then it has haunted her as *You are my Heart's Delight* haunts Tauber, and Rachmaninoff is haunted by his prelude. To-day Leontine Sagan can scarcely bear to hear it mentioned in her presence. The extraordinary thing is that she has never been asked to make another picture. True, M.G.M. gave her a contract. But they gave her no work and she was only too glad to accept Ivor Novello's cabled invitation to leave Hollywood and put on *Glamorous Night* for him. Her other successes include *Murder in Mayfair, Careless Rapture,* and *Balalaika.* At the moment she is working on *Crest of the Wave,* Ivor Novello's new Drury Lane production.

LEONTINE SAGAN never has a failure; largely because she takes the whole cast individually, even the supers. She treats them all as actors, which is how she gets such amazing results in her big crowd scenes. Even the Chinese in *Careless Rapture,* who could not speak English, responded to her instruction. You see, she always knows what she wants and so she gets it. She is tireless and believes in speed. "Speed, where is the Speed?" she will cry, almost like Florence Desmond's imitation of Elisabeth Bergner, "What has become of the Speed, Children?"

All the cast, from Ivor Novello downwards, are "children" to her. Often she is plain spoken and when she stands with her hands fluttering above her head—well, that is the danger signal. But she also knows the value of praise. Leontine Sagan eats everything—and then walks it off. Her weak spot is South Africa; she has a completely pagan love for beautiful people. She herself is still lovely and never loses her temper. ("Men expect you to be hysterical, so you must always have yourself under control.") She would like to direct Edith Evans, Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud in plays. She would also like to direct a film again. ("I think I am very talented!") She is only superstitious when with Ivor Novello, regards children in a play as a mascot and has a curious way of moving her scalp when emphasising a point. Her husband is Dr. Fleischer, who became Czechoslovakian as a result of the Treaty of Versailles.

Charles Graves

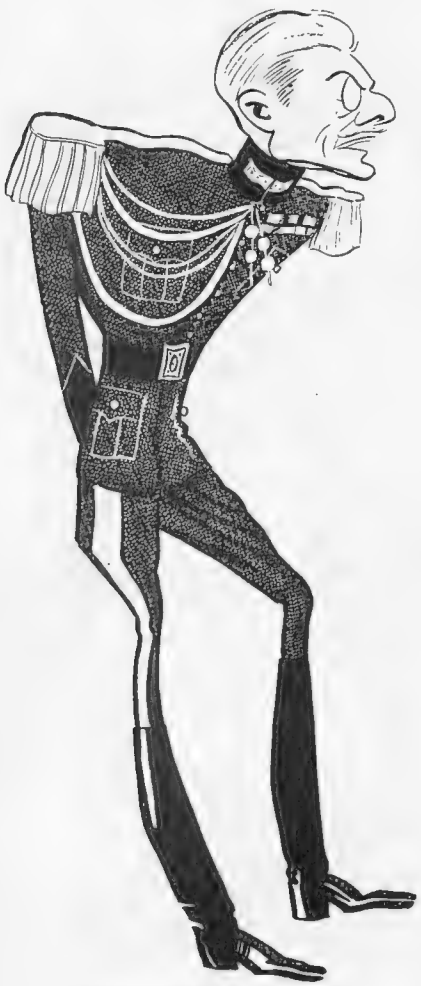
The Theatre

"Judgment Day" (Phœnix)

Lawyers, judges, patriots: George Woodbridge, Ronald Adam, Lewis Casson, Hubert Harben, Charles Quartermaine

Furs, diamonds, contempt of court: Freda Jackson

ELMER RICE, like most good American dramatists, is a fierce experimentalist. Some of his plays are so high-brow that even the high-browed think them a trifle arid. Others are so low-brow that even the low-browed vote them a trifle silly. But in *Judgment Day*, now running at the Phœnix Theatre, he hits the golden mean with a gratifying bang. His description of the trial of two men and a woman charged with having attempted to assassinate the leader of a Totalitarian State, is a brilliant melodrama. Serious politicians, if they will, may brood morosely on its horrible nearness to the political realities of present-day Europe. Mere playgoers will be enthralled by a tale moving swiftly and clearly from crisis to crisis, helped on its way by vivacious comedy, and rising, just when you would swear that it was on the point of exhaustion, to a terrific climax. And playgoers who can keep critical faculties working through the excitement will appreciate the skill with which the author does half-a-dozen things at once.



General Rakovski, Minister of Culture: Alan Napier

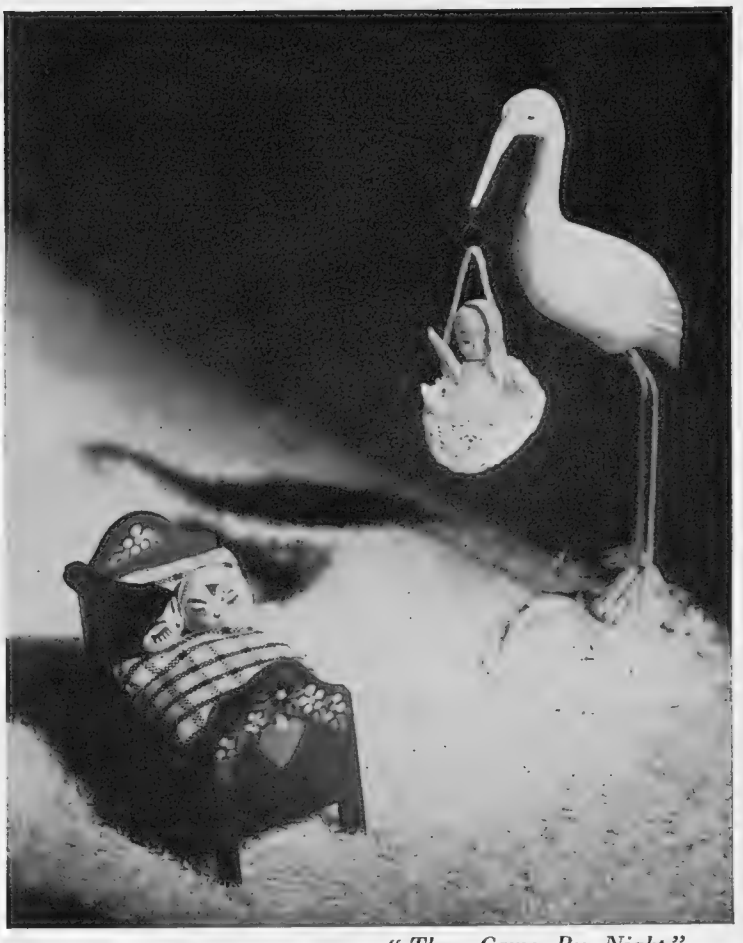
THE charge with which the court is dealing has been trumped-up in a desperate attempt to gain sympathy for a tottering régime. A verdict of guilty is sought by every means of lying and intimidation. It is comparatively easy to poke fun at terrified witnesses who agree to whatever an unscrupulous prosecutor suggests, but legal procedure so fantastic would soon cease to be interesting if the characters involved were not real people, and it is by no means easy to make judges and lawyers who are frankly the tools of a tyrannous government seem real. For a while it looks as if this difficulty will not be overcome, and that the trial must resolve itself into a display of puppets dancing to a foregone conclusion. The prisoners are from the first a well authenticated group. One of them drags himself out of a stupor to proclaim his guilt, and we wonder, as we have wondered over the reports of actual trials, how this curious psychological state is induced. Another, the woman, protests her innocence, as she has done day after day without food or sleep, and her individuality is marked strongly enough for us to wonder how far she has in fact let herself be implicated in politics. The third prisoner, assuming that he and his companions are doomed, prolongs life by hurling insults at the court and creating noisy diversions. The story that keeps the story moving through the first half of the play centres upon the woman, and it is pieced together by a succession of well-judged disclosures, disclaimers and denials in the witness-box and by actual events in the court.

IT is evident, however, that this sort of narrative cannot be sustained indefinitely. The explosion of a bomb in the ante-room, the calling in evidence of the woman prisoner's young daughter, the brutal announcement to the child witness that her father has hanged himself, and the arrival of General Rakovski to overawe the court into an expeditiously arrived at political verdict are all episodes that help the trial. So adroitly are they prepared for that (crude as they may sound) each of them gives the play a genuine impetus. There is a delightful interlude in which an Italian prima donna, related to a neighbouring dictator, sets General and judges by the ears and, incidentally, throws a vivid light on the half-insane vanity of the prisoner who has proclaimed his own guilt. At just the right moment the play shifts its centre of interest from the dock to the bench. It has been apparent for some time that the President of the court, though not a strong character, is a conscientious lawyer, and when the story that has emerged from the evidence has just about exhausted its interest, this kindly but timid man is caught between the aristocratic judge who is prepared to die rather than to condone injustice, and the other members of the bench who are the creatures of the party in power. A discussion of the relative values of a judge's duty to the law, and his duty to the State, is made the springboard for the counter-revolution and the climax that is both happy and thrilling. Mr. Murray Macdonald's production greatly contributes to the realism and emotional impact of the play, and of the thirty-two speaking parts, at least half a dozen are given first-rate performance. The chief emotional burden falls on Miss Catherine Lacey, who shoulders it magnificently.

A. V. C.

Despair and defiance in the dock: Catherine Lacey and Eric Berry

"George and Margaret"



"They Came By Night"

Play Titles in Bric-à-Brac

Devised by Gordon Anthony

"Black Limelight" and "Sarah Simple"

Baron

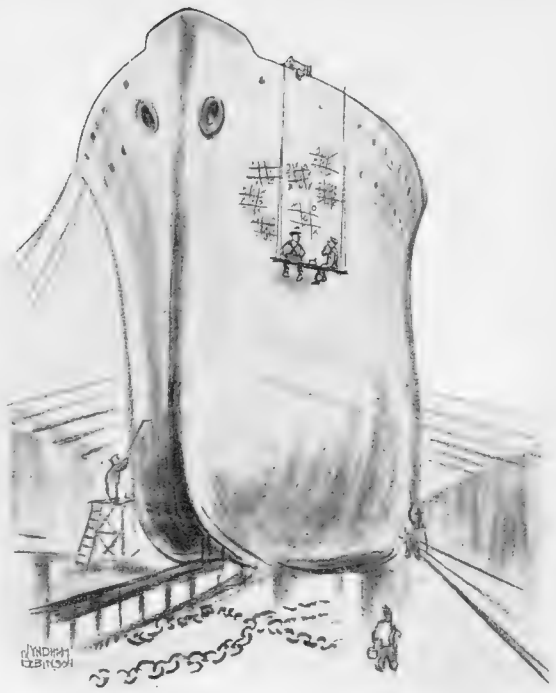
Sir Henry Wood—Musical "King" of August

On Saturday the "Prom King" gets his first roar of applause at the Queen's Hall, and on October 2nd he gets his last, when the cheering, stamping and mere clapping goes on till everyone is exhausted. The Proms are not a festival of music but a feast, gloriously, refreshingly unfashionable, attended by more music-lovers and fewer snobs than any other musical function. This is Sir Henry Wood's forty-third season; he will conduct the B.B.C. ninety-man-and-woman orchestra for forty-nine concerts—a tremendous work for a man of sixty-eight. Important items: a complete cycle of Sibelius' symphonies; Elgar, Strauss and Vaughan Williams evenings; new British works conducted by their composers; and, naturally, Mondays and Fridays are Wagner and Beethoven nights

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" Gotcher ! "

DETAILS of Jean Harlow's bathroom seeped out the other day to satisfy a nation hungry for hot news. Mr. Russell F. Buntz, the eminent Hollywood architect, whose powerful jaw looks like the stern of a battleship, and who is now in London, revealed to the British public that Jean Harlow's bathroom floor was of pure onyx and the fittings of 22-carat burnished gold, like Solomon's Temple or one of the Gates of Paradise described in the Apocalypse. The plumbing interested us chiefly. Every Babbitt of an age which gauges a given country's civilisation by the number of chromium taps and other gadgets in its bathrooms will agree that Miss Harlow attained a higher peak of culture than was ever reached by a Medici of the Cinquecento.

The news ought to shame them in Oxford, where silver-haired scholars dreaming over new critical editions of Sappho still lave their gnarled limbs in antique Victorian baths of japanned tin with mahogany casing, amid an orchestra of fully-exposed gurgling pipes painted chocolate colour, or some horrible subfusc brown. They esteem themselves to be the ultimate flowers of civilisation, but their plumbing gives them away at once to a modern thinker. We know a brisk young architect who would like to raze Oxford to the ground and re-build every college round a central group of bathrooms glittering with marble, chromium, glass, and every modern device, worthy of the new age. These would form a kind of inner patio, from which the life of the college would radiate in every direction. There would, of course, be no need of a chapel.

Souvenirs Are Out

SOME country town or other has very sensibly decided to contribute its presentation Great War tank to the great scrap-iron drive which the Government is launching on behalf of what is coyly called " industry." Others will probably follow suit with tanks and German guns, thus solving a problem which has worried them for some time. In the fervour of Victory (as it was called in 1918) they eagerly clamoured for these trophies and set them up in their market-places for ever. About five years later some of the citizenry began to be bored with them, and in several cases the local council deposed these rusty bits of enemy ironmongery and left them to rot in some dealer's backyard. One poor old German howitzer we used to know quite well, passing it daily. It lived (and probably still lives) in a coppice off a quiet by-road in the Home Counties, half overgrown with wild grass and brambles, lying on its side, its snout deep in the mud. The nearest village got sick of it about ten years ago and chucked it there. They hadn't the nerve to do the same with the hideous war memorial which, like 5000 others, disfigures the centre of their relatively unspoiled market-place.

We don't know if the Germans have done the same with the guns they took from us, but it 's surely a tidy and meritorious idea to gather in the trophies of the War Which Ended War and to melt them down in preparation for the next one ? And oughtn't we to have kept a few of those purple brigadiers we so carelessly threw away after the Armistice ? You never know nowadays when such things will be wanted again.

Idioms. No. 6

" Ce Monsieur est dans le pétrin "
" This gentleman is in the soup "

Is It Cricket ?

IT was pretty bad form of the Regal Cinema audience to greet a new Sherlock Holmes film (British) with ribald comments, cat-calls, and laughter. The director had done marvels with *Silver Blaze*, combining past and present very skilfully by allowing Holmes to wear his old familiar deerstalker cap of the 'Nineties and yet travel in the smartest type of modern car. But he hadn't done the same with Holmes' familiar detective methods, and perhaps this was why an audience spoiled by the terribly efficient and ruthless detective work of Dashiell Hammett and Dorothy Sayers and Mgr. Ronald Knox and E. C. Bentley and other leaders of the Modern School thought the great man a bit much and gave him a Bronx cheer. The management rightly punished them by taking the film off for two whole days, after which their behaviour was better.

The whole thing seems to us to suggest a good detective film, the *clou* of which is that the villain's oddness is suspected by the principal character only when he proposes making a film of a Sherlock Holmes story. Up to then he 'd been apparently quite normal, murdering quietly here and there and removing every trace as a normal man should. Then one night he says suddenly that a new Sherlock Holmes film ought to be a sure-fire box-office smash, and the hero knows at once he 's a mental case. From that moment he 's a candidate for the Sneezer and the Hot Squat.

Tzigane

THE old gypsy blood-pressure we suffer so proudly from leaped up not a little when we saw a photograph in a French illustrated last week of a number of Central European gypsy " senators " who recently assembled at Warsaw to elect Matthew Kwiek, a tinsmith, as their king. The photograph showed them sitting in a sedate line in top hats,

white ties, and tails. This costume—much as the revelation may grieve you—is our Romany idea of the true gypsy festal wear. Our drab workaday clothes are those great floppy hats and romantic cloaks and bedizened jackets and sashes and fal-lals British women novelists go so haywire about. When we want to knock anybody's eye out with our official gypsy lure, or when some solemn tribal ceremony is on the *tapis*, we get ourselves up like Etonians on the Fourth.

It just shows how wrong you are about us, and how small the whirled is, as the very big gypsy dancer in the Budapest night-club said when his tiny partner fell down a chink in the central-heating grid.

Surprise Packet

WE 'RE still waiting eagerly for more news of the beautiful young Blackpool "sports girl" who was announced a little time ago to be the reincarnation of a 3000-year-old Egyptian dancer, and (so her sponsors solemnly affirm) has already been the means under hypnosis of "restoring much of the ancient Eastern language," whatever the devil that may mean. The Blackpool girl herself displayed an engaging shyness. "I 'm frightfully ignorant of it all," she confessed to a Sunday paper.

This modesty is very becoming, and only last week we were saying how pleasing it was to a friend of ours, a member of the Bath Club, who was recently discovered to be the reincarnation of the great philosopher Socrates. He agreed and said he felt the same about it himself. "I don't know a damn thing about it," he said dubiously, "but I suppose it 's all right. It hasn't put me off squash, anyway. Of course, it makes a chap think, being Socrates. I have no special plans, except that I 'm having a bit of golf at Sunningdale this week-end." His aged aunt said "Guy, or 'Tibbles,' as we call him, has always been a quiet boy. I do hope being a reincarnation of Socrates won't get him into any fast set." His fellow-members, apart from laughingly attempting to catch him out now and again with some obscure paradigmatic form or some sudden tricky use of the Aorist, are very tactful about the matter, and use the Doric and Ionian dialects chiefly when conversing with him in preference to the more literary Attic. He goes into a daily trance between luncheon and tea-time; but as he has gone into the same trance daily about the same time for years, long before he became Socrates, no great harm is done, except that he ought to be doing it in the Athenæum, where one of the older members is a reincarnation of one of the Pharaohs who built the Pyramids, and goes about testily cracking a little whip at anybody named Cohen or Rosenberg.

Whimsey Corner

DR. Axel Munthe having recently presented his villa, "San Michele," Anacapri, to the Italian Government, it has already been hopefully predicted by one of his admirers that he will probably settle in England henceforth and assume the mantle of Barrie as our Whimsy King. This suggestion followed a speech made by the Doctor at a recent Literary Luncheon at Grosvenor House in which he emitted such a paralysing bit of whimsy that we, for one, haven't got over it yet. It was to the effect that on Judgment Day, perhaps, some little bird would whisper in an angel's ear that he, Dr. Munthe, hadn't been such a bad boy after all, and that Almighty God would surely listen, because He gave birds wings, like the angels. . . .

All round the top table after this crack you could see the more sensitive notables present blushing, gasping, shrinking, scrabbling nervously with their napkins, pretending little stray dogs were biting their ankles, feigning epilepsy, thrush, and whooping-cough, diving under tables, and making a cautious exit on all-fours. The Belgian Ambassador looked pale as death. Lord Howard of Penrith seemed frozen into immobility. Mr. Hickey of the *Express* stared stiffly into vacancy with glassy eyes, the twitching of one finely-carved nostril alone betraying his emotions. Dr. Munthe didn't seem to know what he 'd done—or perhaps, gazing dimly into the brown, he saw only a clot of literary ladies and birdie-lovers from Sydenham or Golders Green beating on their breasts in ecstasy. Anyway, there it is. He dished it out. They took it. He can obviously dish it out again. We need it (some of us). So what?

Larning 'Em

THE broadcast to America of typical rural junketings from the Spread Eagle pub, Little Bardfield, Essex, arranged by that eminent old Anglo-Saxon rustic, Professor Harold Laski of the London School of Economics, seems to have been successful at this end, at least. What the average American listener made of the rich Essex tongue has not yet been ascertained. About as much, no doubt, as the average British listener would make of a broadcast of the conversation at Ez Gimble's quick-lunch wagon at Conic Section, Mo. (Or, if it comes to that, about as much as a Devonian would make of a broadcast from a pub in Northumberland.)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"It seemed to be in difficulties"

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Clough Williams-Ellis, a Champion of the Landscape

He is a Welshman and a patriot—not a Nationalist—and his chief concern is the preservation of rural beauty in this island, particularly the Gallic extremities. To this end he is on numerous committees and societies. He spoke on the subject at the National Eisteddfod last week. He has published books warning us against "development," notably *England and the Octopus* and, this June, *Britain and the Beast*, which he edited. What is more, he practises what he preaches. Architect by profession, he has gained more publicity by his flourishing experiment in harmonious development at Portmerion than by his regular work, which is nevertheless important and representative: Stowe School, the Bonar Law College, the Oxford and Cambridge Club annexe are examples. Clough Williams-Ellis married St. Loe Strachey's daughter Amabel, author in her own right, and they have three children who act as crew in the family's frequent sailing adventures, who were all educated at Dartington Hall and who are producing a book of their own in the autumn. The literary output of the family may well constitute a record

Baron

Raymond Massey as Cardinal Richelieu

Stanley Weyman wrote some grand historical adventure stories; *Under the Red Robe* is about the best-known of them all. Now it has been filmed in England, with a brilliant (and cosmopolitan) cast, and the Swedish director, Victor Seastrom in charge. The story turns on an edict against duelling issued by Richelieu and the breaking of the new law by a famous duellist, his pardon by Richelieu on certain conditions, and the duellist's adventures in carrying out those conditions. Massey makes a fine intellectual and powerfully sinister Cardinal, Conrad Veidt is a handsome and gallant duellist as Gil de Berault, Annabella is Marguerite de Foix to whom he loses his heart, and Wyndham Goldie plays the Duc de Foix. *Under the Red Robe* will be at the New Gallery in a week or so, and is one of several first-class films for the parental school-holiday list of entertainments

Ladies in Khaki

The Women's Transport Service in Their Annual Camp

The F.A.N.Y.s were founded in 1909—that 's a surprise—as a yeomanry nursing service, and called First Aid Nursing Yeomanry. When the War came they were mechanised, and sent to France in October, 1914. January, 1916, they became the first Motor Ambulance Convoy run by women for the British Forces, and during the War gained eighteen Military Medals and ten Mentions in Despatches. They are the only women's organisation under the War Office which has never stopped training since the War, keeping steadily on with their classes and their annual camp, and seeing active service in the General Strike and at the Coronation. Lately they changed their name to Women's Transport Service with the old " F.A.N.Y. " relegated to a following bracket. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, is their President, Major-Gen. Sir Evan Gibb is their Honorary Colonel, and Miss Baxter Ellis their Commandant. She is responsible to an Advisory Council, with the Hon. Sir Geoffrey Lawrence as chairman, and Viscountess Hailsham as treasurer. Recruiting is by private introduction, and members must have the qualifications for commissioned rank. (More pictures on pages 182-3)

" Come to the Cookhouse Door, Girls! "

Above : a sergeant-major from Aldershot puts the W.T.S. through their paces when they train for their annual march-past and inspection by their President, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone

Right : talking to this group is the Commandant of the Corps, Miss M. Baxter Ellis, Chevalier Ordre Leopold II.

There is anti-gas drill, of course; carried out under Corps instructors trained at one of the Army centres

Getting lorries out of ditches is part of the transport training, and that's under the R.A.S.C. Training Centre's supervision

Lorry-Righting

The Women's Transport Service in Camp

(Continued from page 181)

Doing Some Women's Work For a Change

The W.T.S. is entirely self-supporting in peace time, and this includes each member bringing her own utensils to camp—and, of course, washing them up

The officers also do their own washing up, and smoke as they work. On the left, fishing in the steamy water for a cup is the Commandant, Miss Baxter Ellis

An Expert

These "F.A.N.Y.s" and another: driving Cross and St. John's administration. They the 1st Anti-Aircraft Verney commands, supgave them a good idea war-time, and brought ministrative arrangegave them three weeks troops. Their annual shot, and the G.O.C.-

. . with Jacks, Pulleys, Levers and a Heave-Ho!

Changing wheels and plugs is usually the limit of a woman's car-technique; the W.T.S. are all real mechanics, but they still practice wheel-changing. These two are Miss Sergison-Brooke, daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, G.O.C., London District, and Miss Campbell-Preston

First-Aid Practice—Bandages and a Stretcher

From Aldershot Takes the Map-Reading Class

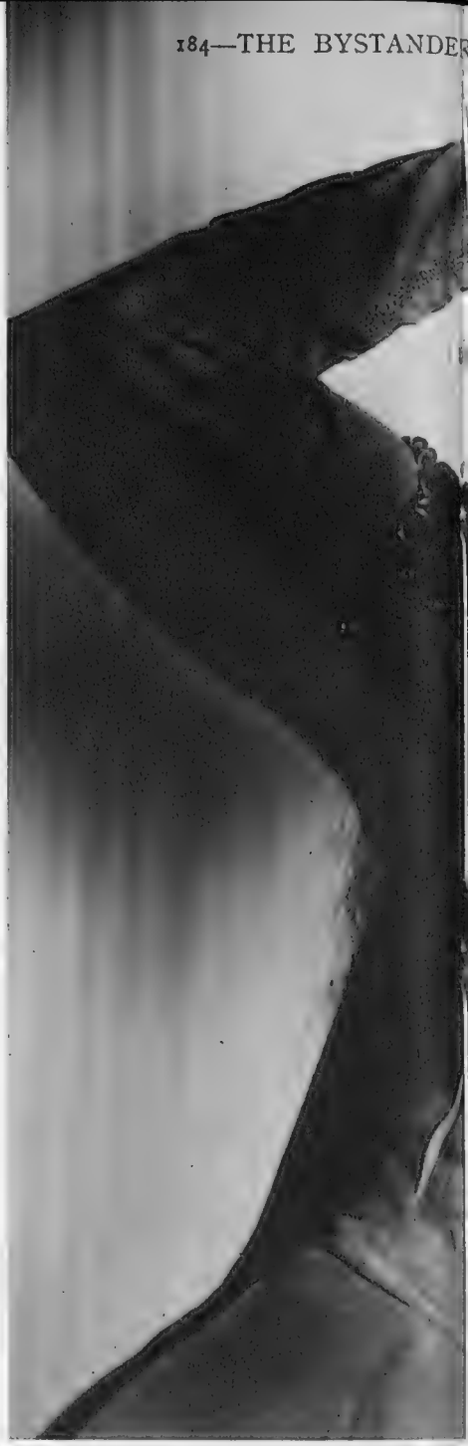
(only that 's not their name any more) learn a lot one way and mechanics to pass the Army Tests; first-aid to get Red certificates; anti-gas drill, map-reading, cooking, and army had an interesting try-out recently in co-operation with troops of Division, the London Section of the W.T.S., which Mrs. Ulick plying cars and drivers for an emergency manning exercise. This of what—Heaven forbid—they might really have to do in them compliments from the Divisional Commander on their adments and good map-reading and driving. The Coronation duty supplying transport for Dominion and Colonial visitors and three-weeks' camp is just over; it is always held in July at Alderin-C., Aldershot, attends the inspection made by the President

"Francesca da Rimini"

Lichine's New Ballet to Tchaikowsky's Symphonic Poem

Francesca and Paolo Discover Their Love

In the second of the ballet's three phases, Francesca and Paolo (Lubov Tchernicheva and Paul Petroff) discover their love, to the accompaniment of angelic visions and the appearance of Guinevere and Lancelot, whose story they have been reading. Here their love-scene is watched by Girolamo, the sinister spy employed by Francesca's husband, played with his usual brilliant characterisation by Edouard Borovansky



Tchernicheva as Fra

Tchernicheva gives a fine performance as Francesca—a portrait worthy to rank beside her Zobeide and her Thamar. She is a great mimetic artist, and all her movements are lovely to see. Lichine's new ballet is a success; it is dramatically effective, and weaves some brilliant patterns of movement and grouping. Messel's decor and dresses are equally good "theatre." The choice of Tchaikowsky's symphonic poem as ballet music has been widely criticised, and has once more set the question of why new ballets shouldn't have new music written for them

Photographs by Anthony

Right: part of the final dramatic tableau where Francesca bares her breast to Malatesta's sword

ancesca is the Central Figure of the Ballet

Danilova as Guinevere, Jasinsky as Lancelot

Danilova makes a brief appearance as a visionary Guinevere with Jasinsky as her Lancelot; neither the choregrapher nor the artist are at their best in this episode

Marc Platoff as Malatesta

The young American dancer, creating his first big rôle as the brutal Malatesta, showed he has dramatic gifts to match his humour and his excellent dancing

Transformation Scene

Pamela Stanley Acts Through Six Decades in "Victoria Regina"

1841 in Real Life: a Portrait of Queen Victoria by Sir William Ross

There have been many "growing old" parts on the stage, but never so testing a part as in *Victoria Regina*; the actress not only has to grow old by more gradual stages than in other plays, but she must do it to a pattern familiar to all her audience. Pamela Stanley takes her nine Queen Victorias over the six decades, 1837-1897, with extraordinary skill. Her acting has been discussed previously; these pictures are concerned only with her visual transformation from the determined ingenuous fresh-looking girl who proposed to Albert, to the dominating but very old lady who dryly received Disraeli's compliments. Old pictures and new photographs show how logically age succeeds age, and how closely the copy follows the original. Her make-up could not be bettered, and her voice-tones are just as cleverly managed

1846 in Real Life: a Portrait of Queen Victoria by Winterhalter

1839 on the Stage: Pamela Stanley as Queen Victoria

1846 on the Stage: Pamela Stanley as Queen Victoria

Right: 1861 on the Stage, the Date of Prince Albert's Death

Above is a very well-known photograph of Queen Victoria in 1891, when she was 72; on the right is Pamela Stanley in the scene entitled "The Queen, God Bless Her," whose date is 1877

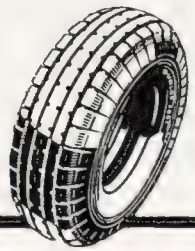
Norman Parkinson

Sand Castles

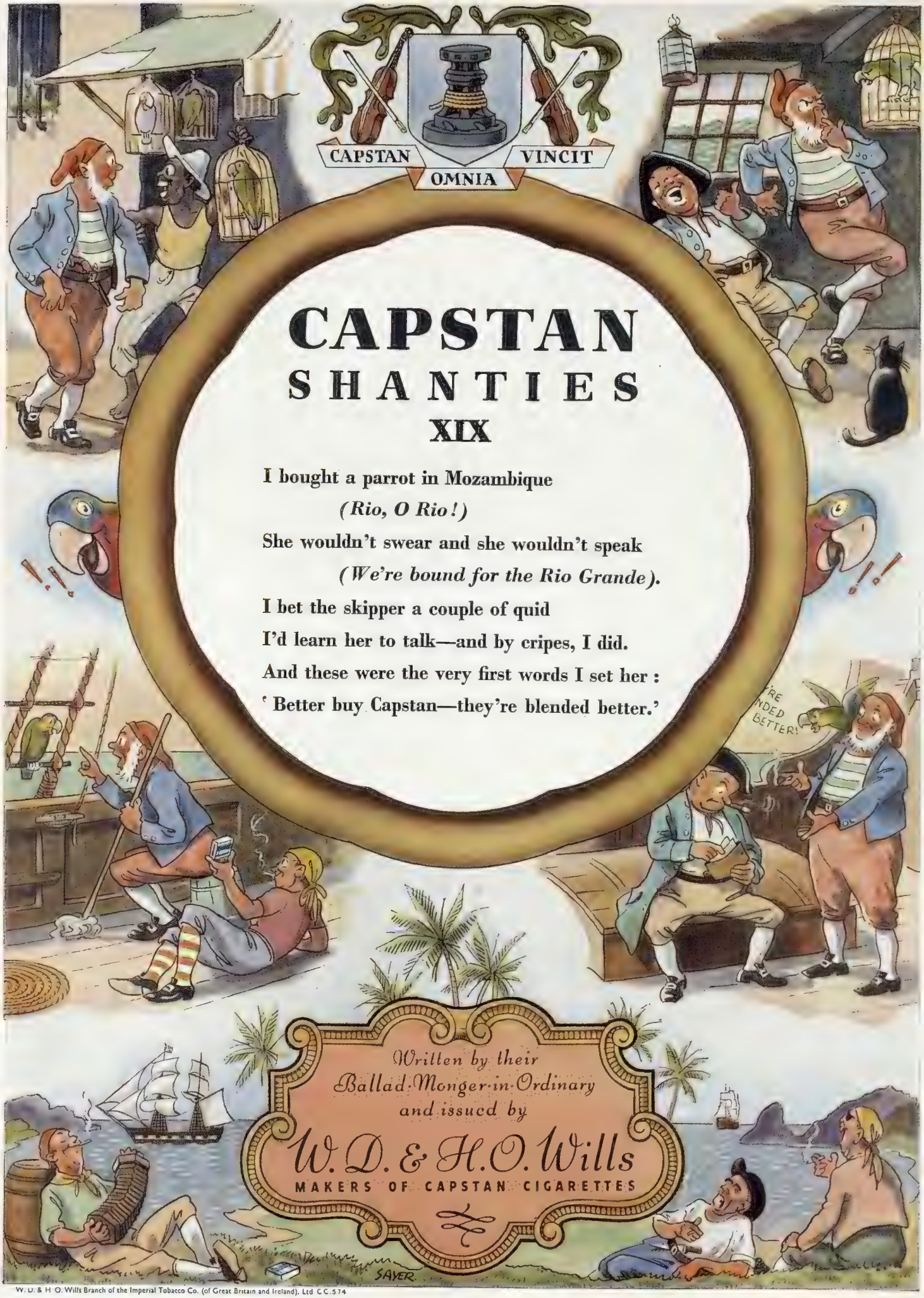
FAMOUS FORTS

WINDSOR CASTLE
Though the Saxon Kings had a residence at Windsor the present Castle was begun as a fortress by William the Conqueror on the site now occupied by The Famous Round Tower.

Of all the mediaeval strongholds, none retains its pristine splendour so well as the royal residence at Windsor. By apt analogy DUNLOP, the first practical pneumatic tyre for the comfort and protection of wheeled transport, still holds in the new DUNLOP Fort, the premier place for safety, length of service and economical upkeep.

The New **DUNLOP**  Fort

C.F.H.



W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd C.C.574

"Bystander" Short Story No. 98

Possession

By Basset Scott

Illustrated by Jardine

He left his luggage in the cloak-room at Paddington and turned slowly out of the station to walk to his home across the park—a little, hot-eyed, anxious man of thirty-five, carefully neat and orthodox in his dress. Later he would drive back to fetch his things, drive with Ferolith, his wife, through the blue-grey October dusk that lends an enchanted loveliness to the great city. And Ferolith, exquisite as her name, adorable, understanding Ferolith, would explain yet once more that success can come only out of failure, and that his next book would assuredly place him among the writers that really count.

Comfort crept into his heart with the thought. The nine months of striving, the nine months of voluntary separation from Ferolith—so great a sacrifice could not have been wholly vain. Had it not served at least to exercise the demon that dwelt in him? He held up his head and walked more briskly down the street of tall houses that ended in the Bayswater Road.

Suddenly he stopped and stiffened like a dog at point. The number of a car that stood by the pavement he was treading had caught his eye. It was familiar as the car itself, Ferolith's car beyond all doubt. As he approached he could even recognise the tiny mark where she had scraped a wing against the sea-wall when she had visited him a fortnight before in his Cornish retreat.

For a moment he was happy in the thought that Ferolith must be near, that he would see her almost at once. The next with a sick disgust he knew that his demon had him in its grip again. For he had looked up and recognised the house before which the car was standing. It was the Plattners'.

Gay, friendly, understanding, beautiful Ferolith—who could help loving her, who could help wanting her? But she was his, his, his. And in his blackest hours, when his demon was driving him with whip and spur, he hated her friends almost as much as he hated himself.

Most of all he hated Carl Plattner, for no good reason, as his honesty admitted, unless it were a reason that Plattner was tall and handsome and assured and that Ferolith had liked dancing with him. What the hell had reason to do with it, anyway?

For two or three minutes he stood beside the car, then mounted the steps of the house and rang the bell. He said to the servant:

"Is Mrs. Plattner in?"

When the man answered "No, sir," he could not bring himself, though he fought for the words, to ask for Mr. Plattner, but turned and went away, his mouth dry and his heart throbbing loudly in his ears. After a few yards he came back and obeying a sudden resolution he got into the car and drove off.

He took the car to the familiar garage near their house in Evelyn Gardens, walked home and went upstairs. A little fire was burning in his dressing-room, and this evidence of Ferolith's thought for him seemed to increase his agony. He flung himself on the couch and begun to consider the trap he had laid. God, that he should lay a trap for Ferolith!

As he saw it, there were three alternatives. She might admit the truth—that she had been alone in the house with Plattner. She might lie to him, saying she had left the car outside some shop or restaurant and come out to find it gone. Or she might say merely that the car was out of action, hoping somehow to regain it before he discovered its absence. That perhaps would be the most damning of all. For long he lay in the grip of his demon.

At last he heard the front door shut and Ferolith's step on the stairs. She went into the bedroom, evidently unaware that he was in the house; and he listened, as a thousand times he had loved to listen, to the little sounds that told of her nearness—the opening and closing of drawers, the rustle of silk, and then her voice, half singing, half humming, the words of an absurd old song she had taught him to love:

The fox and the hare, and the badger and the bear,
And the crow on the lonely pine,
And all the little rabbits so engaging in their habits,
They have none got a mate like mine.

He lay with clenched hands and the sweat pouring from him. Oh, God, what a cad he was, what a despicable cad! He got to his feet, staggered to the door between the rooms and opened it. Ferolith was sitting at her dressing-table and turned with a happy cry.

"Darling, I never knew you were in..."

She drew her dressing-gown round her and ran across the room. His face was in shadow, and in her own excitement she did not perceive his agitation.

"Why ever didn't you . . . ? But never mind, my sweet, it 's lovely to have you back, and I 've got the most marvellous surprise for you. Look, come and look."

She pulled him into the room, threw up the window, and pointed down into the street.

"Look!" she repeated, "isn't she a beauty?"

Against the curb before the house a car was standing. He had a vague impression of grey and silver, of shining paint-work and chromium that threw back the rays of the setting sun. And as in a dream he felt Ferolith's hand on his arm and the happiness in her voice.

"Aunt Marion left me five hundred in her will. I heard about it a week ago, but I didn't tell you—I wanted this to be a surprise—a sort of present for your home-coming, my darling—and Margaret Plattner gave me a hundred for the old bus—more than it was worth really, so it wasn't too wickedly extravagant—and it *is* a lovely surprise, isn't it?"

She turned to him, in her last words a tiny note of disappointment at his silence.

He put his arms round her and pressed his lips to hers. He thought, "I 've been a bloody fool. I 've been a damned cad."

He didn't care. It was true, but it didn't matter, it wasn't real. Only this mattered, only this was real—that he was holding Ferolith in his arms, and she was his.

That was it. She was his, his, his.

THE END.

Films of the Day

A Light Mixture : By George Campbell

I HAVE given a good many boosts in my time to M.G.M. pictures—taking them all in all, about the best now being made. I am sure Metro and Goldwyn and Mayer will acquit me of malice if I say I hope *Parnell* will be a lesson to them. If it convinces producers of the stupidity of casting a star, however big at the box office, for a rôle to which he is physically, histrionically and culturally unsuited, then *Parnell* will not have flopped in vain.

Not, I hasten to add, in fairness to Mr. Gable, not that Miss Loy was much better as Kitty O'Shea. M.G.M. originally bought the play for Joan Crawford. Miss Crawford or M.G.M. or somebody thought better of it, and Miss Loy stepped into the breach, and now everybody is rather surprised that what went down marvellously well in *The Thin Man* and *Libelled Lady* went down less well in one of the major tragedies of English public life. Odd, is it not ?

"PARNELL" was followed by *The Thirteenth Chair*, one of the most successful American thrillers of the last twenty years. The film version, with Dame May Whitty in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's rôle of the fortune-teller, adds nothing of importance; the characterisation is as perfunctory, the plot as arbitrary, the solution as inevitably unexpected as a long acquaintance with formula has led you to expect. *Don't Get Me Wrong*, in the same programme, suggests that Max Miller has still to bridge the gulf dividing music hall from screen. One of these days he will learn that every film must stand or fall on the ability, and the willingness, of every member of the cast to fit into the common frame. Until then he will remain one of the screen's more promising misfits.

HEAVEN knows I am no Barrie-ite, and never was. But if we must have whimsy, then *Quality Street* is an exceptionally good specimen—much better, to my mind, than the egregious *What Every Woman Knows*. *What Every Woman Knows* was a tale about adults, possibly adulterers, told in terms of the nursery. In a period piece like *Quality Street*, the fairy-tale atmosphere is more plausible, the infantilism of the characters not quite so appalling. The plot, depending on the readiness of the soldier hero to mistake a thirty-year-old woman for her niece, is silly enough, but the consequences are ingeniously contrived and reasonably funny. Though you know that Barrie is fooling you again, you sit back and allow the humour—must we call it pawky ?—and naive sentimentality to steal over you like a drug, and when commonsense returns with the heroine's prim surrender, you are willing to admit you have had your money's worth. Katharine Hepburn is excellent as the heroine, and Franchot Tone, in period stuff, has a sense of style possessed by few Americans.

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES," all things considered, is one of the better new pictures. Just how far it departs from the original, I wouldn't know, never having read it. The device of linking up scenes by quotations from Allan Quatermain's diary, written in a curiously schoolboyish hand, struck me as somewhat clumsy, and it is a pity that the love story requires Anna Lee to keep going across waterless desert that reduces even the white hunter and Paul Robeson to exhaustion. The African scenes are very well done, however, and once the party reaches the lost mountains the action is kept moving fast enough to anæsthetise what little intelligence the opening sequences have left you. What with a female witch doctor, a murderous chieftain, a tribal war and a volcanic eruption, an unpleasant time is had by one and all. Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives a fine solidity to Quatermain, John Loder looks handsome even beneath whiskers, and Paul Robeson makes an impressive figure of the exiled prince, besides singing two or three songs hardly worthy of his magnificent basso.

Irving Berlin Himself

This is the man who has set lips whistling and feet tapping all over the world with an extraordinary consistency ever since "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought him fame in 1911. From "What'll I Do?" up to the latest of his Astaire-Rogers hits, he has been sure-fire appeal. His newest is "On the Avenue," which went to the Regal three weeks ago, and 20th Century Fox pay him the compliment of calling his next "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

Molly Picon in "Yiddle With His Fiddle"

This is something of a novelty in film entertainment, with a Polish setting and Yiddish dialogue. Its story smacks of Andersen and does not entirely suit Molly Picon's vital acting; many of the Polish exteriors are extraordinarily charming. "Judel Gra na Skrzypkach" is the Polish title, "Idl mit'n Fidl" the Yiddish; but there are English sub-titles: it is at the Academy

AFRICA is also the scene of *The High Command*, produced by Gordon Wellesley for Fanfare Pictures and directed by Thorold Dickinson. For a first production it is uncommonly well made. The story begins in Ireland during the troubles and reaches a dramatic climax in West Africa, where the strong, silent British officer of reel one (Lionel Atwill) is now in command. Mr. Dickinson has kept the plot moving, the backgrounds are convincing, and the acting ranges from adequate to good. Steve Geray's performance, as an unhappy trader married to Lucie Mannheim, was particularly impressive.

"SECRET LIVES," *Calling All Stars*, and *Yiddle With His Fiddle*, complete a mixed bag. The first is a melodrama of the French secret service, slow-moving and not wholly successful but very interesting in parts ; the second is a British musical exploiting such radio favourites as Ambrose, Evelyn Dall, Flotsam and Jetsam, Carroll Gibbons, and the brilliant Whirlwind Skaters ; and the third a Polish comedy with dialogue in Yiddish—the first of its kind I remember seeing. Molly Picon, well known on the London variety stage, is the star. She is funny, but not very.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Summer in England is all too short, and Autumn fashions are rapidly invading the shops. Next week, Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are showing their advance collection at a Fashion Parade which will be held daily at 3 p.m. from Tuesday the 10th till Friday the 13th. Owing to the enormous demand for seats, admission is by ticket only, obtainable on application to the Managing Director, Mr. P. A. Hawke. Many lovely furs will be shown including luxurious mink and ermine wraps, besides the more practical type of coat in flat fur such as Indian lamb and nutria. The handsome ocelot coat on the right will prove a constant joy throughout the winter as it is suitable for both town and country. It is cut on straight lines with a fitting waist belted across the back, and wide revers and collar of silky unplucked beaver. The shoulders are square but unexaggerated, and it costs eighty-nine guineas

Autumn Arrivals

An upward sweep ending in a forward curve distinguishes this charming Breton halo in black felt with a shallow, close-fitting crown swathed across the forehead with fuchsia and black felt ribbon. The same upward and outward line is repeated in the model below in black antelope felt trimmed with green and red petersham. The forward thrust of the semi-circle brim is extremely smart and quite different from anything we have yet had. Incidentally, it lends height to the wearer, though the crown is small and again shallow

The tall and somewhat top-heavy hats of last Autumn have given place to a far more becoming line in which the height is concentrated in the brim rather than the crown. Though many movements are always tried out at the beginning of every season, there is a marked preference for hats which tilt forward. This theme recurs time and again in the advance collection which Harrods, Knightsbridge, are now showing, including the models on this page. Toques for the older woman are mounting and are set well over the brow, while turbans with absurd cone-shaped crowns draped in three shades of silk jersey are worn by the younger set. A divided brim which sweeps up from the temples adds charm to the hat above in black antelope felt

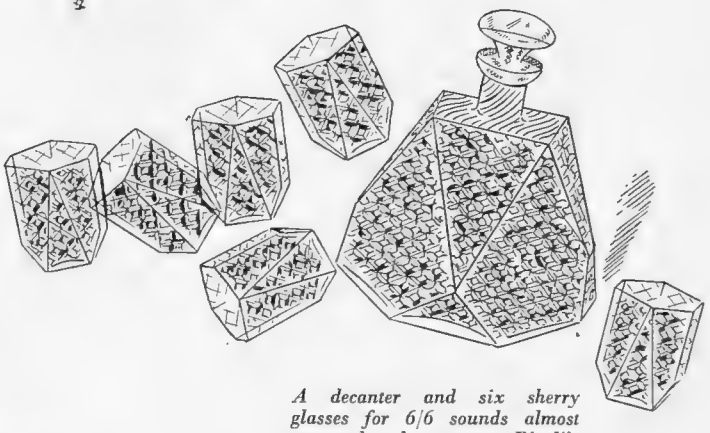
Photographs by Scott Bushe

THE BYSTANDER NOVELTIES

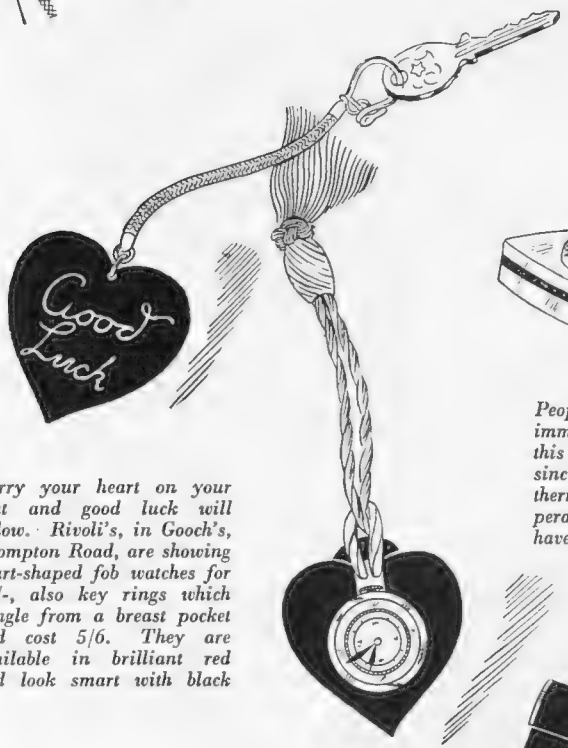
DISCOVERED BY PETA

PICTURED BY PAM

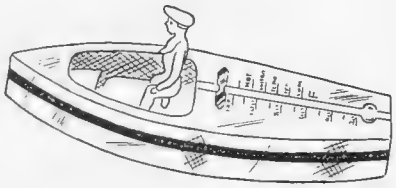
TWINS IN SEARCH OF



A decanter and six sherry glasses for 6/6 sounds almost too good to be true, yet Rivoli's are showing them in plain, smoked and amber glass. The angular shape of the tumblers is unusual and very decorative, while there are other sets from 4/6



Carry your heart on your coat and good luck will follow. Rivoli's, in Gooch's, Brompton Road, are showing heart-shaped fob watches for 45/-, also key rings which dangle from a breast pocket and cost 5/6. They are available in brilliant red and look smart with black



People of all ages derive immense pleasure from sailing this wooden boat in their bath, since it is not only a toy but a thermometer for testing the temperature of the water. Rivoli's have it, and it only costs 1/6

New accessories are like a tonic to a tired wardrobe, and Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are showing a beautiful collection of smart handbags. The model sketched is in brown suède with looped paniers and a gilt clasp

Another charming handbag in the shape of a portmanteau is seen above, both open and shut. It is made in black velvet with a gilt frame studded with diamond paste, and also comes from Harvey Nichols. The two sides let down and there is ample accommodation

This practical dog lead is made of light chain and works on the same principle as a tape measure which springs back into place. It is easily carried in a leather case and costs five shillings at Rivoli

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Man and His Maker : By Alan Thomas

I KNOW a man who has a good deal to do with the selection of candidates for appointments. His first question when he is interviewing a candidate is always the same: "What is your religion?" I asked him once if there were any special reason why he always put this question first; he replied that a man's religion was the most important thing about him, and therefore should always be inquired about first. "I don't mean," he added, "religion in the narrow sense. I mean rather his attitude to life, the purpose he has in view. Find that out, and you have found out more than half you want to know about your man." "But suppose," I suggested, "he has no religion, no spiritual purpose? "In that case equally," my friend answered, "I shall have found out much about him." I recall this scrap of conversation because it is this very question—man in relation to God—that forms the theme of Tennyson Jesse's latest novel, *Act of God* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Out of the discussion of this absorbing topic Miss Jesse has made an absorbing book. The scene is set in the town of Fraxinet, on the Riviera. Here, in the Year of Our Lord 1929, "no less a person than the Mother of God appeared to two shepherd children." The appearance, after due examination, was pronounced to be a miracle, and as a result the place became famous as a centre for pilgrims, as well as for merchants with an eye to the profitable side of pilgrimages. When, however, the Mother of God was discovered to be none other than a shallow-minded lady who was "capable of anything to make herself interesting" and who had imposed on the shepherd children by her clothes and gift for acting—what then? What was the Church to do? What in particular was the deeply religious curé to do? What was to be the attitude of his passionately atheistic friend, the Colonel? A miracle, I seem to remember the Archbishop in St. Joan saying, is an event which creates faith. The miracle at Fraxinet had been just such event: was then the faith of all the peasants and believers to be shattered?

In giving some idea of the nature of Miss Jesse's theme, I can give none of the intense pleasure which I experienced in reading her book. Sometimes the action is held up a trifle too long, for the purpose of discussion, but the dialogue is so lively and acute that one is not conscious of delay. To the thoughtful reader, *Act of God* will be of consuming interest.

MR. FRANCIS STUART'S *The Bridge* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a grey kind of book, and its two chief characters, Larry Byrne and Joanna Flynn, do little to relieve the encircling gloom. Both are married, both live in the same small Irish seaport. He is the town engineer, and she the wife of an elderly garage proprietor. They fall in love with each other, and it is the development of their passion that is the essence of the story. They are a backboneless couple. Not for them is "all for love and the world well lost." They meet furtively in pubs, and their love-making is haunted by qualms of conscience and the fear of being found out. Such affairs are depressing and futile enough in real life, and not all Mr. Stuart's fine writing can enliven this one. Larry Byrne eventually resolves his problems by running away from them with his wife to Dublin and a new job.

Fortunately, the merits of Mr. Stuart's book do not depend on his vacillating lovers and their concern with the conventions and gossip of a small Irish port. It is when he is filling-in the background of his story, the town of Fert itself, with its river and slummy island, that Mr. Stuart shows his real paces. He gives us a memorable portrait of the riff-raff of the riverside, and I would give all his scenes of illicit love-making for his one description of illicit poteen-making in a derelict hulk in the river.

TO imagine an incident which, in itself would make a capital story is not so difficult. I have even done it myself. The story is, in fact, a little masterpiece—before it is written. But to write it is something else again. The standard of authorship required is unusually high. Mr. Herbert Clyde Lewis has made the attempt in his *Gentleman Overboard* (Gollancz; 6*s.*). It is a short book—only 140 pages long—describing the feelings of a gentleman (the distinction between man and gentleman is important) who has accidentally fallen overboard into the Pacific Ocean. The weather is calm and the water comparatively warm, and normally there would have been no difficulty in rescuing him. Ten hours, however, are allowed to elapse before those on board discover his absence. Ten hours is a very long time when you are treading water in a deserted ocean. At first the experience is not so bad and Mr. Standish's feelings are more concerned with shame than with fear. But as time goes on and the ship does not return, the situation hardens. "God," thinks Standish, "should be ashamed of Himself for permitting such a terrible thing . . ." And so the ship returns—too late. I cannot share Mr. L. A. G. Strong's opinion that this book is "a brilliant example of the 'Conte.'" It has too much artifice in it for that. But it is certainly a very effective piece of writing.

Stuart Hamilton

Miss Margaret Stanley-Wrench

The undergraduate of Somerville College, Oxford, who won the Newdigate with "The Man in the Moon," written in hospital, had this photograph taken in her great-great-grandmother's bonnet. She is the daughter of a novelist—Mrs. William Stanley-Wrench—and enters her third year at Oxford this Michaelmas

"MUSICAL CHAINS," by Eugenia Wake (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a short, rather breathlessly written story of a tubercular child who is also a "marvellous natural musician." The boy is visited in hospital by a world-famous violinist, who immediately adopts the lad as his personal responsibility. In response to the boy's urgent appeal, Graf, the violinist, promises never to give him up; and the rest of the book tells how Graf, often against his wish, was kept to his promise. The Meister, in fact, was enslaved by the boy. Again and again Graf determines on a break, but each time the boy manages to get his way, and we leave the couple, after the last attempted break, getting together on "old Brahms," and playing him better than they've ever played him before. (Let no one think, by the way, that the bond between the master and his protégé is anything but musical.) The story has pathos and some humour. The theme, maybe, is a little fantastic. But given genius and the artistic temperament, all things are possible.

Weddings of the Week

Lt. T. Butler, R.N., and Miss Hermione Williams

It was a St. James's, Spanish Place, wedding between Lieut. Terence Butler, R.N., only son of the late Hon. Francis Butler and the Hon. Mrs. Butler, and Hermione Williams, only child of the late Commander T. C. H. Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Grove Court, Drayton Gardens

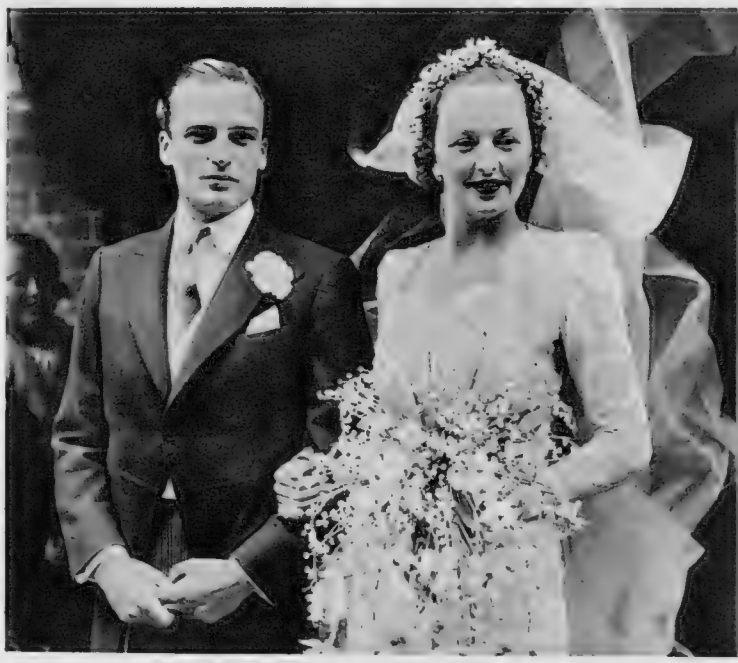
Mr. Stockdale and Miss Fermor-Hesketh

Lord de Ramsey and Miss Labouchere

Lord de Ramsey, of Abbots Ripton, Huntingdon, and Lilah Labouchere, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Labouchere, of 15, Draycott Avenue, S.W., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. Lord de Ramsey is the third baron and succeeded his grandfather in 1925

Left: Edmund Villiers Minshull Stockdale married the Hon. Louise Fermor-Hesketh at Easton Neston, near Towcester, where the bride's parents, Lord and Lady Hesketh, live. He is the younger son of Major and Mrs. H. M. Stockdale, of Sutton Lawn, Seaford

Left, below: Riou George Benson, second son of Major and Mrs. Benson, of Aston Hall, Craven Arms, and Diana Joan Cator, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cator, of 13, Westminster Mansions, S.W.1, were married at St. Matthew's, Westminster



Mr. R. G. Benson and Miss D. Cator

Mr. Waddington and Miss Nicholl

Prince Arthur of Connaught was present at the wedding of Thomas Waddington, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waddington, of Jodhpur, India, and Pamela Nicholl, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl's third daughter. It took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Left: Mr. Chedworth Morgan Gwynne, youngest son of the late Major R. E. H. Gwynne and Mrs. Gwynne, married Miss Edith Joan Terry at St. Andrew's, Bishopthorpe. She is the only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Terry, of Middlethorpe Manor, York

Six Jaguars at the End of a Very Successful Season

The Jaguars polo team has had a brilliant season, playing forty-eight matches and winning forty-five, including the Roehampton Open Cup and the King's Coronation Cup (the big one in the middle); they reached the final for the Ranelagh Champion Cup to lose to Goulburn. The six in the picture are the Yuvaraj of Rajpipla, Mr. S. Sanford, the Hon. Keith Rous, Mr. Gerald Balding, the Duke of Roxburghe and Mr. H. T. Alexander

A Breconshire Mecca of Anglers

Lord Glanusk, Lord Lieutenant of Breconshire and inveterate follower of the gentle art, is the Permanent Watcher of the Usk Valley Casting Club, which held its tournament at Glanusk Park, Crickhowell, one of his four places in the county. With him is his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Alastair Cooper, and Gaffer B. Powlett (in hat)

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

It 's a pity the American Ryder Cup golfers have been speaking to the New York news-hawks. A pity, because news-hawks are hardly scrupulous birds, and a careless phrase may easily be magnified into an international crisis.

I doubt very much whether Ralph Guldahl and Tony Manero and the rest of them really accused British crowds of deplorably unsporting behaviour. They may have complained of inevitable annoyances, but a crowd 's a crowd, even in America.

We don't set ourselves up as saints, and I 've heard even a Rugby football crowd behaving pretty lamentably, and jeering at the referee. On the whole, though, I fancy a British crowd is as fair-minded and well controlled as any crowd in the world.

Not that I hold any brief for crowds. They are the evil consequence of exploiting games as spectacles. They are part of the racket, and players just have to put up with it. But the American golfers have stirred up a fine rumpus, and Mr. Jacobus, President of the American Professional Golfers Association, has had a most unhappy time.

I don't envy the officials who have to organise a big golf match, but I do admire the players who can proceed unruffled with their game before hundreds of gaping rubbernecks. One of these days a champion golfer will lose control and just fire slap into the brown, and then there will be trouble. Or he might even relax a trifle, and produce one of my most startling shots, a slice off the tee to cover-point. That would teach a crowd a thing or two. I fancy my gallery would always keep a respectful distance.

Talking of crowds, though, the one which gathered at Wimbledon to watch young C. E. Hare play J. D. Budge in the Davis Cup had its money's worth. What a first set that was, to be sure, and how much encouragement Hare's grand fight must have given to our budding champions !

Budge had built up an almost legendary reputation. There were those who said that even Fred Perry at his best could hardly hold him. And then along comes Hare, to storm at him with service and volley, and run him to twenty-eight games before the set went to a shaken America.

With a shade of luck Hare might have won that set. There was a doubtful fault given against him when he was serving, and 5—4, and that was disconcerting. Even so, he did enough to remove from Budge any aura of invincibility.

If Great Britain may take heart from Hare's lawn tennis progress, the cricketing world cannot regard England's prospects against Australia with immediate optimism. Admittedly, I write in Manchester, and it is raining, a juxtaposition of circumstances which breeds pessimism profusely, but England's chosen batsmen are not covering themselves with glory in the Test matches. Hutton has vindicated his stalwart Yorkshire friends, and made his century like a young Sutcliffe, and Barnett has played himself into form and favour again, but what of the rest ?

The New Zealand bowling, after all, is no great shakes, and the Old Trafford wicket on the Saturday of the Second Test was only sufficiently affected by the rain to make the ball turn slowly. And the England innings faded into a strokeless mediocrity. Imagine England against New Zealand in a three-day match, scoring at the rate of forty runs an hour with the total two hundred for one wicket ! There is a fantastic state of affairs, if you like.

Hardstaff appears to be hypnotised by spin-bowling, of whatever quality. Let the ball but turn, and he jabs at it defensively off his heels. What would he do to Grimmett and Fleetwood-Smith ? In this tentative, groping mood, I mean ? But perhaps the most significant incident in the England innings came when Wellard, of all people, after scratching at a few balls like a respectable schoolmaster, was bowled playing back to a half-volley.

There was the spirit of it—a desperate anxiety—a kind of Test match neurosis. Hardstaff is obviously a better player than he allowed himself to be. There are gaps in his technique on a sticky wicket, and a good leg-break bowler will always be a danger to him, but with courage and confidence, he could put a better face on the matter.

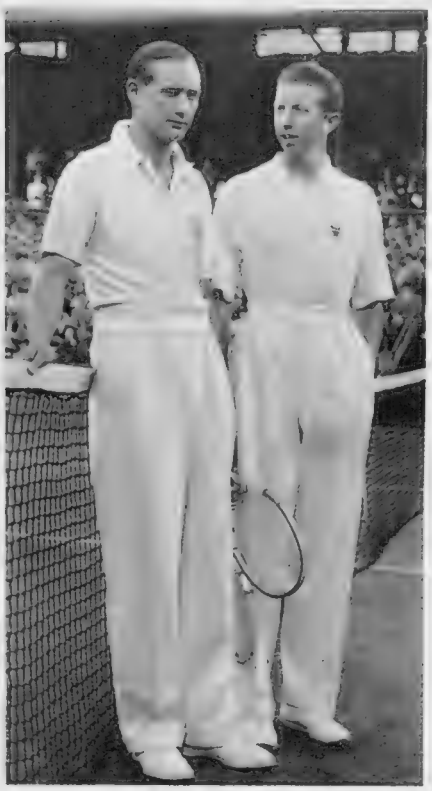
There is no reason why our cricketers should not be confident. At every point, with the formidable exceptions of Bradman and O'Reilly, we are as well armed as the Australians.

We have a better fast bowler than any in Australia—Farnes is the name. We have the spinners, the batsmen, and the youngsters. I only hope that in the last Test match this year, players like Compton will be given their chance.

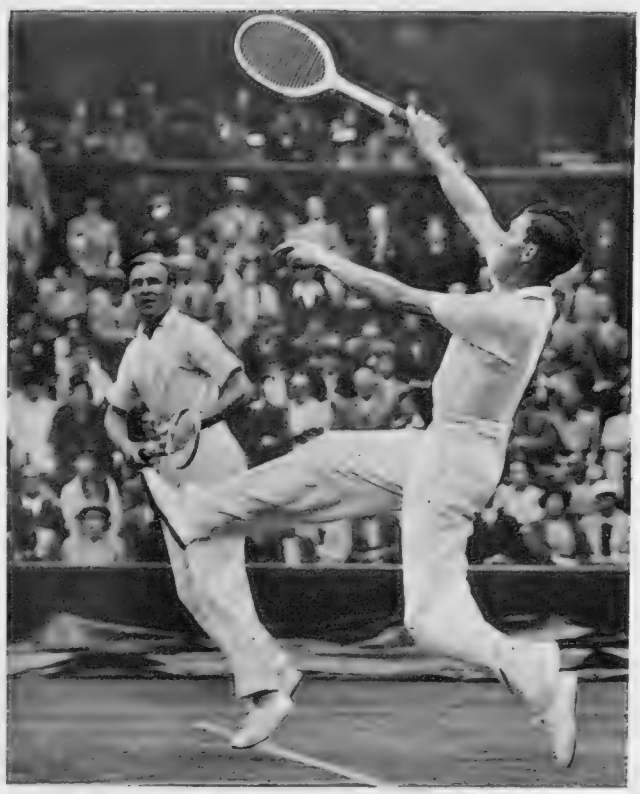
In the meanwhile, just a word about E. A. McDonald, that great bowler, so tragically killed in a motor accident. We talked much of McDonald at Old

More Gentle Artists

Also photographed at the Usk Valley Casting Club's tournament at Crickhowell were Pink Miss Morrison Bell and Caster Col. R. Verdin. Pinks are lady members, Casters men members, and Gaffers (see caption to left) are committee members



Charles Hare put up a fine show against champion Donald Budge in their Davis Cup single, bidding for the first set through 28 games. After Budge's 15—13 win, however, Hare collapsed



F. H. D. Wilde is jumping for the ball, C. R. D. Tuckey watching him, in their challenge round match against Budge and Mako which the Americans won to give their team the vital lead. It was the seventh challenge round running to be played in this country, and our failure to win both singles on the Tuesday lost us the Cup which has been here for four years

Trafford—of his perfect action, his saturnine hostility, his unsmiling concentration, and his power of relaxation, which was partly the secret of his success. McDonald could come off the field, take off his boots, lie down on a bench in the dressing room, and go straight to sleep, with everyone chattering round him. A remarkable character, and one of the outstanding bowlers of all time.

BEFORE we leave cricket, it seems to me an admirable suggestion that the lesser Test matches—not those against Australia and South Africa, that is to say—should be played on grounds new to Test match cricket. A Test match against New Zealand at Cardiff, for example, or Hove, or Worcester would be excellent missionary work, and would draw as large a gate as the one at Manchester. Spectators would come to see the England team, apart from anything else, for on such county grounds there is never a chance of seeing England in action. This is a proposal which the authorities might well consider.

HOW Endeavour II will have fared by the time you read this, I can only guess, but the America's Cup races will still be going on, and it may be that Mr. Sopwith will have gained some slight advantage. I feel that way about it, especially after the chance meeting between Ranger and Endeavour II before the races proper began.

The challenger showed up excellently then, and American opinion makes her slightly favourite. And it really would be rather a good thing if we could win the Cup at last—the America's Cup, I mean—not the gold cup presented to Sir Thomas Lipton by an admiring American public for " the best loser."

THEY seem to be quite impressed also in America by Tommy Farr, who has certainly opened out amazingly since he clipped Walter Neusel on the jaw. There 's any amount of ballyhoo about the fight, of course, and America will write Farr up to the skies, if only to encourage the public to watch him. But he does seem to have settled down tolerably well, and his astonishing belief in his own powers, so rare in a British heavyweight, may pull him through.

Miss Wylie and Major Mitchell

At The Curragh to watch Mr. D. Sullivan's Irish-trained Sol Speranza win the Irish Oaks were Miss Marion Wylie, the Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie's daughter, and Major Mitchell, ex-Joint Master of the "Killing Kildares," and now one of the committee of three that hunts hounds

Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort and Mr. Furness

Also at The Curragh for the Irish Oaks were Mrs. Arthur Boyd-Rochford, wife of the V.C. and sister of Mr. Harry Ussher, the trainer, accompanied by the Hon. Christopher Furness, Lord Furness's son. He is in the Welsh Guards, and Joint-Master (with Mr. John Alexander) of the Limerick Hounds

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Americans at Carnoustie

SINCE the Open Championship at Carnoustie I have been asked time after time what happened to the Americans and why it was that one of them did not win. An American did not win for the same reason that all golfers, with hardly an exception, do not win, namely, because none of them played well enough.

Too many losers at golf give as the reasons of their defeats their own incredible bad luck and the continual fluking of their opponents. These reasons are seldom justified, as the cause of defeat is nearly always that the losers have not played sufficiently well and that they have missed golden opportunities. The Americans confessed themselves that they had not played well enough to win and made no stupid excuses for their failure and even said that the awful weather conditions were not to their disadvantage as they often had to play in similar conditions at home. You will remember that it rained hard just before the qualifying rounds started and every night and nearly every day during play in both the qualifying and the championship proper, and that on the last day it rained so hard that both players and spectators were soaked to the skin and that at one time there appeared every likelihood of the day's play being declared null and void, owing to the course being unplayable. In truth, at one time the course actually was unfit for play.

I CANNOT help thinking that the weather conditions were against the Americans, whatever they may say themselves. The course played terribly long, for there was no run on the fairways and the air was damp and heavy.

The reason why exceptionally long shots are hit in the summer is due not only to the hard fairways with tremendous run but also to a very great extent to the lightness of the air. You never see such enormous carries hit in the winter as you do in the summer, and this is due entirely to the great difference in the density of the air.

Several of the Americans, although they hit the ball adequate distances, cannot be regarded as long hitters by modern standards and consequently these players were faced, hole after hole, with full shots for their seconds and at some holes could not get home with two of their best shots. Hagen, Sarazen, Shute and Manero must have found the playing of the course from the back tees, which came into play on the Wednesday, extremely hard work and not one of them lasted the full distance.

The conditions were also against their longest hitter, Sam Snead, strange to relate. Snead does not hit the enormous carry of players like Cotton, he hits a long carry and gets his tremendous distance by imparting top spin to his shots, which run colossal distances after pitching. But no ball, even when hit hard by Snead, could be made to run more than a few yards on the soaked fairways at Carnoustie.

The results of the two qualifying rounds are not without interest. The list read Horton Smith (U.S.A.) 138, E. Sarazen (U.S.A.) 141, S. Snead (U.S.A.) 142, B. Nelson (U.S.A.) 142, W. Hagen (U.S.A.) 142; then came two Britons, A. E. McLeod (Old Course, Ranfurly), who is an amateur and not a good enough golfer to play for Scotland, and an assistant, Max Faulkner, both at 143; another amateur, A. D. Locke, of South Africa, and Dudley, Guldahl and Kirkwood, all of the U.S.A., returned 144, while the first member of our Ryder Cup Team was Henry Cotton, who tied for the sixteenth place with a total of 145. After these results had been posted on the score board, the pessimists were saying that it was not a question of whether an American would win but purely a question of which American would win. Personally, I was delighted to see these results in the qualifying; so often our men have shot their heads off with 68's in the qualifying and then have done no good at all when the real business started.

There is a superstition, well-founded, that the leader of the qualifying never wins the championship. When Bobby Jones returned 66 and 68 at Sunningdale, he only led the qualifiers in the Southern section, as that year, 1926, players qualified in various parts of the country and not on or near the championship course. This regional qualifying, which, I see, some of the Americans favour as a means of reducing the field in the Open, was apparently not satisfactory, as it only lasted one year.

NOT only did an American not win the Open but none of them, except Shute, appeared to me likely to do so after the play on the Thursday. Shute, who had won with three 73's, after a tie, in 1933, started with two 73's and wanted two fours in his third round to return yet another 73, and if he had done this score he would have been level with Cotton and without any question a very real danger; however, he slipped a shot at the 17th and put his second in the burn at the 18th; this disaster apparently knocked all the stuffing out of him as he played listless golf in the last round and took 80 strokes.

In the end, to use an Irishism, the leading American was an Englishman, Charles Lacey. Charles Lacey is a brother to Arthur, the professional to the Berkshire G.C., who represented Great Britain in the Ryder Cup Match.

From knowledgeable persons I have always understood that of the two, Arthur is the better player and Charles the better teacher. Charles played better than anyone else in the frightful weather on the last day to return 70 and 72, a really magnificent performance. Although an American did not win, you cannot say that they played badly, as there were six of them among the first twelve at the finish.

The visiting team from Yale University made their first appearance at the Hendon Club in a match against Middlesex amateurs, which they lost by seven to four. F. B. Allpass (standing) and Major Whitley Laverack (sitting, furthest from the camera) are with two of the Americans, B. Reigeluth and D. Arthur

Going out to the first hole at Hendon are E. Meister (Yale), John Langley, C. S. Munson (Yale), and Andrew McNair; the Middlesex pair won the foursome by a hole. In the singles, McNair lost to a fine round by Meister, ex-Champion of Ohio

Golf Clubs at Home

Herne Bay

A View of the Club-house

The original round was laid out by James Braid on the high ground near the Canterbury Road, but after the war the course was redesigned, and only four of the old holes survived. Now these have gone in the latest rearrangement, which offers a pleasantly testing if not severe or very hilly round. The club-house was opened at the beginning of the year, and is remarkably commodious

Captain P. F. Shier, M.C. (secretary)

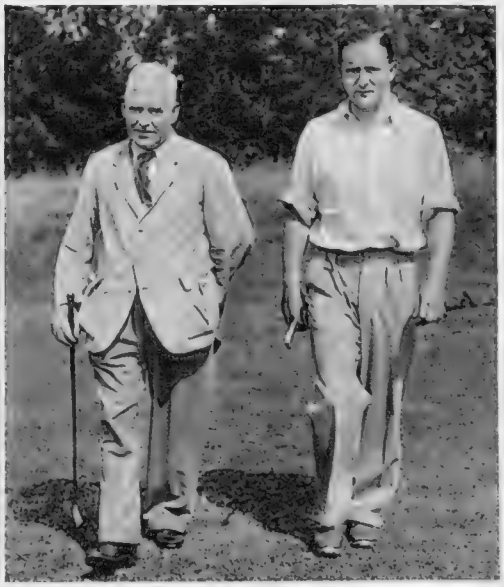
S. Phillips (director)

T. Christie and L. W. Moylan (chairman)

R. Evans Smith

R. E. Leane

G. H. Booth



E. W. Gill and Dr. D. Jefferies

A. Bridges

What Might Be

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

MORE good news for golfers. Not the invention of a club that will send a ball even further or eliminate all chance of missed putts, or anything fantastic like that, nor yet some elixir to charm away that first tee feeling at a championship, but a really delightful venue for next year's BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, namely Sand Moor. A real, whole-hearted welcome, too, the Foursomes, the National Playing Fields competition, and a free practice day, all given now in that spirit of open-handed hospitality which is proverbially—and in truth—found up North.

Sand Moor is Moortown's next-door neighbour. When the Northern Foursomes went to Moortown, Sand Moor housed the N.P.F.A. Since then, the club-house has been rebuilt, some of the holes remodelled, and the course is now reputed one of the best in Yorkshire. Harrogate, twenty minutes away, has hotels and everything else in plenty; now all that remains is to find the right date. If anybody, Northern officials in particular, have ideas, do let them write at once and air them, bearing in mind that Easter Sunday is April 17th; and late April and early May usually crowded out with the championships of the Northern counties, as well as of the Veterans down South. It looks as if the first week in April is indicated. Whenever it is, I have a firm conviction that we shall have the best of times.

In the meantime, let nobody go off for their holidays forgetting that the entry form for this year's Autumn Foursomes, at Ranelagh and Roehampton, is already out, and will be found this week on page iv.

ANOTHER laurel has gone to a girl: the Welsh handicap challenge bowl and gold medal, played for at Rhyl, being won by Miss Nancy Cook, who already holds the Caernarvonshire championship, and has been going steadily forward ever since growing too old for Stoke Poges, where she was a competitor in 1935.

IT is a pity that eligible members are so scattered that the Girls' Golfing Society very seldom gets anything like the side that it should. Imagine it. Membership is earned by the simple method of playing in the Girls' Championship, and thereafter paying a modest 7s. 6d. annual subscription to the Hon. Sec., Miss Molly Brennan, Curaheen, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent. Accordingly, a G.G.S. team could consist of Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Pam Barton, Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Diana Fishwick, Mme. René Lacoste, Mrs. Garon, leaving out of reckoning Lady Heathcoat-Amory, who entered, but did not play, in the original Girls' Championship of 1919. Enlarge this side a little, and there would be Mme. Strauss, Miss Nan Baird, the Esmond sisters, Miss Enid Pears, Mrs. Nigel Seeley, Mrs. Jack Beeson, Miss Mervyn Barton—really, the list grows wearisome, and the whole topic only arose because the Girls' Golfing Society took a defeat the other day from the United Services, who were, like their opponents, something under strength!

AT the last moment, Miss Enid Wilson had to send back word, and Mrs. Cecil Joll, who led the Girls in the morning, and Mrs. Ellison had to leave before the foursomes, as theirs was the honour of attending the Royal Garden Party. All the same, the Girls, after losing the singles by 2½ to 4½, halved the foursomes with a win, a loss, and a halved match. This was at Wentworth, and some rare good scrapping there was, particularly in the top match, in which Mrs. Joll pulled matters out of the fire to halve with Miss Dix-Perkin. That last hole at Wentworth has seen much golfing history, some of it deplorable, such as the Curtis Cup match against U.S.A., some heroic, in many a *Star* final battle; some weepable, such as Mrs. Garon's 7 there to finish her record-breaking 70. Mrs. Joll's hole was set in the heroic type, for she was one down, and neck or nothing had to go for the carry. She got over, but kicked back into the bunker. Thence she emerged with an entirely grand shot, and got down in one putt for her 4 and the hole. Her sister, Mrs. Satchell, was equally heroic, for she had been two down and three to go, but a superhuman effort won her the match 1 up. The cruel performer of the day was Mrs. Clemens, the United Services captain, who flung a series of bogeys and birdies at Mrs. Ellison.

She stood out in the afternoon, and Miss Jean Burles came in for the Girls, she and Joan Negretti making a rare good combination of Past and Present which achieved a 2 and 1 win from Miss Dix-Perkin and Miss Nancy Gibbons. Miss Burles' short game is extremely good, and Joan holed a chip, just to show that hard hitting is not her only suit.

MISS DIX-PERKIN consoled herself that evening by watching her dog Hanging Lie run second at the White City; he was just a nose in front of Mr. Robert Harris's, and the South African golfers were there, having a final party before sailing for home, so there was quite a golfing atmosphere about.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Playing in Vichy's Sun

Princess Christian von Hesse-Phillipsthal-Barchfeld (Elizabeth Reid Rogers that was) was photographed on the course of the Vichy country club with its secretary, M. de Ronseray

Calling Vichy's Charon

Madame is a well-known character to Vichy regulars: she blows her bugle for golfers and others to catch the ferry which plies the Allier River between the club and hotels

Walking in Vichy's Shade

Brig.-Gen. Buckley and his wife were photographed at the golf club too, but they kept to the cooler parts. Brig.-Gen. Buckley was in the Northumberland Fusiliers and is a member of the King's Bodyguard

I.13a.

when,
after dinner,
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the men
"to their stories'

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for a moment
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seem
a bit
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atmosphere ?

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

By courtesy of "The Motor"

The twelve hours race for sports cars at Donington was the first of its kind, and as an experiment a great success. As expected, Mr. "B. Bira" (Prince Birabongse of Siam) won the event in the Delahaye seen here at Red Gate Corner, with H. G. Dobbs as his relief driver. The car covered its 692 miles at an average of 56·63 m.p.h.

THE Twelve Hours Sports Car Race at Donington was the first event of this type and duration ever run in England. From 7.0 a.m. start to 7.0 p.m. finish, the race was charged with incident, and it is indeed a tribute to the sturdy dependability of the modern sports car that of the thirty-six starters, no fewer than twenty-four cars were still running at the end—an average of only one retirement per hour, despite the fact that the pace throughout proved to be considerably in excess of expectations, a fact rendered all the more noteworthy on account of the deluge of rain and hail which fell at about 1.45 p.m., leaving the circuit treacherous in places for the remainder of the race.

THE tragic mishap which cost poor Bilney his life provided one of the most eerie experiences I have ever known. The crash, occurring as it did in Holly Wood, was out of sight of most of the spectators and officials and, of course, of the pits.

At the time, Michael May was driving our H.R.G. No. 31. The car had been lapping with great regularity and when May became 3 seconds overdue we felt worried. Four seconds, five and then six and still no sign of our man. We looked at each other in unspoken apprehension. Crowding out at the back of our pit, we gazed up the Starkey Straight, hoping to catch a glimpse of the car breasting the rise before plunging down to the corner; but still it did not come.

Then we became aware of people from adjacent pits also staring up the road in dumb anxiety. Suddenly we all seemed to realise together that something very serious was wrong, for not one of the thirty-two cars still in the race came round. An awful and shattering silence froze us all—the most unearthly stillness I have ever known. The contrast between the noise of the cars and the bustle and excitement inseparable from a motor race and this chilling nothingness was profoundly moving.

Ultimately we heard the distant roar of approaching cars and we discovered that the race had been temporarily stopped while the St. John's Ambulance men had done their job at the scene of the accident. It was a tremendous relief to see No. 31 come round with May outwardly unperturbed.

WHEN Anthony Curtis took over from May a little later, black, ominous clouds were piling up over Donington, and before he had been going for half-an-hour, the first heavy drops spattered down. Almost at once the shower became a curtain-like downpour. One or two cars crept past practically obscured by their own bow-waves and then Curtis went by grinning behind his vizor—apparently enjoying it!

Throughout the entire half-hour the deluge lasted, Curtis's lap-times never were more than five seconds slower than those May and I had been doing previously on a dry course, and even when the rain turned to heavy hail he still kept up this consistent gait—a wonderful exhibition, reflecting the greatest credit alike upon the ability of the driver and the road-holding of the car.

Presently the hail stopped, but the circuit became even more tricky as it began to dry off in places. It was at this point in the proceedings that Curtis brought the car into the pits for me to take over for my second 2-hours' shift at the wheel. I set out expecting thrills and it was not long before I had one: for rounding Coppice Corner at speed on my second lap, the road suddenly started to slide away from under the car. Try as I would, I was entirely powerless to check the skid and before I quite had time to sum up the potentialities of the matter, I had spun completely round tee-to-tum fashion.

It was pleasant, at the end of this gyration, to find myself again pointing in the desired direction, and it afforded me some satisfaction to change down and proceed on my way without having stalled the engine. But I had learned my lesson, and thereafter I treated that corner with marked respect.

OF course the real interest in the race from the spectators' point of view was the duel between "Bira" and Dobbs on the Delahaye and Aldington and Fane on the Frazer Nash B.M.W.

The former, which was by far the fastest car in the race, was delayed seven minutes at the start and thereafter went like the proverbial scalded cat in an effort to catch the B.M.W. which had snatched a three-laps' lead. When, at 3.20, the German car retired, the Delahaye's task became a comparatively easy one, and it ran for the remainder of the race with a vast number of revs. in hand.

The Rileys ran very consistently and always seemed certain of second and third places after the B.M.W. had gone and our own car gradually increased speed, as a result of gentle exhortations to the drivers from our pit, and ultimately finished fourth in the race and third in its class behind two of the Rileys—surely a very gratifying circumstance for a make whose first experience it was of a long-distance race in this country.

The M.G. cars, which secured the Team Prize, worked manfully for the honour, being very hard-pressed throughout by the little Austins, which buzzed around in an exceedingly workmanlike way.

Altogether a very satisfactory experiment, this race, and one which seems pretty certain to have merited its repetition.

By courtesy of "The Motor"

Approaching Starkey's Corner in the twelve-hour race at Donington are Mr. F. R. Gerard in a Riley, Mrs. Kay Petre in an Austin, and, behind, a Singer. British cars put up a very good show in this event, a Riley coming second, and a Singer "Nine," Rileys, Austin "Sevens" and a Wolseley taking places in their own classes

THE Rover Company, Ltd., announcing their 1938 Programme, state that "change merely for the sake of change" forms no part of their policy, and judging by the public demand for Rover cars, it would seem that this is a sound principle. Accordingly, the models which are being produced for the 1938 Season vary only in detail and equipment and no alteration in general design has been made. The whole of their range of five models is being continued, this comprising the 10 and 12-h.p., which are fitted with four-cylinder engines, and the 14, 16 and 20-h.p. of the six-cylinder type. The 10-h.p. model is listed as a Saloon only and the 20-h.p. as a Sports Saloon. On the other chassis both Saloon and Sports Saloon bodies are available.

This England . . .

Near Keswick

IT is going to rain. Bother—says the townsman; Again—grumbles the farmer needing no excuse; The worst year since eighteen eighty something—writes the journalist in search of news. And it goes on raining. It may be true that in this England we have no climate—only weather, and a lot of that! How is it then that we are not a people of agues and fevers instead of this ruddy and well-liking mien? Because we nourish ourselves soundly, seeking Nature's protection against her own vagaries. Because without the rain our soil would not be so rich, nor grow the great golden-bearded barley that, malted, makes our Worthington—the greatest weatherproof of them all.

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By Charles Ward

An Imperial Occasion

"HERACLES," veteran of Imperial Airways' fleet, celebrated its millionth mile in the air on a joy-ride. Officials of the company and a few favoured guests had lunch over the channel and toasted the liner that had conveyed some 80,000 passengers to many airports of Europe in comfort and safety. "Hannibal" was the first of its class, giving its name to the type that had been known in the workshops as H.P. 42. All are still working on the Continental routes and between Alexandria and Karachi. Within a year, they will retire to an honourable third place, first position being occupied by the Empire flying-boats, and second by the Armstrong-Whitworth landplanes that are to take over on the Continent. The all-air mail to East and South Africa amounts to 5½ tons each week—a tremendous increase, of course, on the loads handled in the past. The public is still clinging to a mail day, whereas letters should be posted as written, on any day of the week. If too many accumulate on Friday, the old day for the Union Castle ship mail, some may be left over for carriage by air until the middle of the following week. Five more experimental double flights over the Atlantic are planned for flying-boats before ice closes the airport at Botwood for the winter. The Mayo seaplane and its mother-ship, from whose back it will be launched in mid-air, are nearly ready. Separate flights with each component will precede the unique event of a take-off at 5000 feet.

Devon in the Air

THE Straight Corporation has helped to give Devon its place on the air map. In such an undulating county, it has been difficult to find aerodromes and not easy to persuade companies to run them or people to fly there. Roborough, the airport of Plymouth, was in use as a landing ground ten years ago, and Haldon, some 800 feet above Teignmouth, got its first licence at about the same time. It was due to the foresight of W. R. Parkhouse that Haldon became a port of call for airfarers, and many people have made their first flight from this attractive site in the Devon hills. The aerodrome for Exeter is of more recent date. The three sites form a triangle to serve the most popular part of the South Devon coast. Jersey Airways operate from Exeter twice a day each way on four days a week—the "almost-tax-free" islands are reached in 60 minutes precisely. Plymouth is a key airport in the Rail-Air network, which links the West and South-West of England with Birmingham, Liverpool and the North. Whitney Straight's company is in charge at Plymouth, Exeter and Haldon. Taxis and 'planes for instruction are available for residents and visitors alike. At the opening ceremony, Captain Phillips won the trophy on handicap with his Avro 504 J. Miss Leathart was second in a Comper Swift, a Mew Gull made fastest time at 208 miles an hour, and Geoffrey de Havilland, Junr., collected the prize for the smartest machine with T.K. 2, which is one of the machines built by the de Havilland School students.

'Planes Over England

NIGHT flying is still such a novelty that people write to *The Times*, drawing attention to raiders from foreign parts, asking what the Air Ministry or Scotland Yard proposes to do about it and stating that their rest has definitely been disturbed. But it has been proved so often that only unusual noises wake us in the night. The townsman cannot sleep in the country—everything is so quiet; the countryman dislikes London nights because the traffic never stops; only the roar of the surf on a rocky shore is guaranteed to soothe anyone to sleep. In peace time, the aeroplane overhead at night is either engaged in practice for the defence of the country, or in commerce, carrying passengers, goods and mails for hire or reward. In either case, the pilot is not flying for fun. The regulations are too strict and the expense too great to indulge in foolery by night. We shall get accustomed to night flying and treat it as no more disturbing than that by day. The more flying that takes place over England, both by day and by night, the less risk there is of the horrible consequences of invasion by air. This should be a sobering thought to those who complain of the noise of an engine. It 's the whine of the bombs that we hope to prevent by getting more 'planes flying over England.

At Random

EMPIRE Air Day, which was organised by the Air League for the benefit of Service charities, realised £12,000, which is probably more than that taken at Hendon on the occasion of the R.A.F. Display. It was the happy thought of Air Commodore Chamier to associate flying with Empire Day, especially as the latter had fallen into considerable disuse since 1918. As the air arm is our first line of defence, it is a good thing that the public can get together with the airmen on one day each year. Another trust fund that deserves support, and this might very well be linked with an extension of the S.B.D.C. Display as a public spectacle, after the trade and its buyers have finished with it, is that of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators. Many of those who fly for a living are inadequately insured against death or injury, and the Guild is attempting to create a substantial fund for the benefit of dependants. Five boys have been awarded scholarships, out of 800 applicants, by the Joint Committee of the S.B.A.C. and the Royal Aeronautical Society. They will be trained in the industry and have every opportunity to qualify for some of the big jobs in aviation. The Air Ministry wants 400 boys to train as photographers and wireless operators.

Erna Anderson, the pretty Norwegian skating star, is learning to fly at Shoreham, the municipal airport for Brighton. Her instructor, Cecil Pashley, is the oldest and the most senior in the country. He was instructing before the war and has been a pilot for twenty-five years

By contrast, Michael Doel, son of a well-known osteopath, is our youngest pilot. He is very proficient in the air, but will have to wait four years for his licence to fly solo, as his age at the moment is ten The 'plane is a Moth, which operates from Croydon Airport

See India . . .

● A scene in Madras showing the fine architecture of the city

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(Revised from January 1, 1935).

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months No Extras
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By Ashley Courtenay.

Ask a man about hotels, and some old prejudice will emerge. In some cases it will take the form of excessive praise, in others of excessive condemnation. Nothing is more hostile to the truth; nothing less conducive to the questioner's comfort. Mr. Courtenay in his weekly articles in "THE SPHERE" has declared war on this attitude and he writes on hotels, inns and guest-houses all over the country—as he finds them. For unvarnished criticism and disinterested advice, one finds these articles not only stimulating and instructive but full of good ideas for one's next holiday, next week-end or next winter. This is because Mr. Courtenay has no axes to grind or grievances to air and because like a good mason, he takes real pleasure in fitting the stones in the mortar. The goodwill of its visitors is the mortar of an hotel. Mr. Ashley Courtenay holds the plumb-line of appreciation

A weekly feature in

THE SPHERE

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The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (19th Year)

HOLDER: PEGGY EDWARDS.

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 8th, 9th and 10th. No Qualifying Round.

September 6th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 7th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 10th, 1937.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts. Entries close on Thursday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1936 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 9th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 6th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, AT 2 O'CLOCK

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1937, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
19th Year,
Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th, 1937

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, August 19th.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 — No Entrance Fee

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss*} .....

Address .....

.....

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American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 4 — August 10

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—Run in conjunction with the Vic-Wells company, it has a distinguished cast—Diana Wynyard, Marie Ney, Emlyn Williams, Cecil Trouncer.

THE FIRST LEGION.—C. V. France, Franklin Dyall, and Colin Keith-Johnston are in this play about Jesuits: Daly's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Ian Hay's new play is on a bigger scale than *The Frog*, and has an oil well as theme; adventure rather than thrills: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Sir Barry Jackson's ninth presentation of music and drama in the West Country town; Shaw, Sheridan, Fielding and others.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.—Cyril Raymond and Gillian Lind are now with Keneth Kent and Dorothy Hyson in this triangle drama of country life: Cambridge, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WINTER'S TALE.—Fay Compton plays Paulina in the open air production: Regent's Park, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COTTON CLUB REVUE.—Preceded by variety turns, this famous, fantastic riot of colour makes the Palladium shake every night at 6.20 and 9, and on Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermoine Baddeley; excellent décor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 94.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

"Sarah Simple"

A. A. Milne's comedy of divorce and re-marriage, of which this clinch by A. R. Whatmore and Leonora Corbett is part, reached its 100th performance a week ago to-day. At the Garrick

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CINEMAS

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in the very fine if unhistorical British army drama: Rialto.

A DAY AT THE RACES (American).—The Marx Brothers in their latest extravaganza: Empire.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVING (American).—Richard Dix and Joan Perry in a "documentary" thriller aimed at the American road-death figures: London Pavilion.

EASY LIVING (American).—Edward Arnold, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur in a smarty comedy of errors in high life: Plaza.

DER HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings has a stern part as "the boss" in this 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Witty dialogue and direction, and amusing acting by Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young: Carlton.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (British).—Rider Haggard's tale filmed has Paul Robeson as star and Cedric Hardwicke, John Loder and Anna Lee in support: Gaumont.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

MAD GIRL (French).—Danielle Darrieux in a soufflé of farce and love in unlikely situations: Curzon.

QUALITY STREET (American).—Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone together for the first time in Barrie's gentle romance: New Gallery.

SLAVESHIP (American).—A tough epic of "blackbirder" days, with Wallace Beery, Warner Baxter and a fine schooner as heroes: Regal.

WINGS OF THE MORNING (British).—Fine technicolour and not bad story for Annabella and Henry Fonda in a romantic Irish yarn: Marble Arch Pavilion.

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—A Jewish comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue, fine country shots and curious sense of humour; Molly Picon leads: Academy.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. orchestra in the perennial season of representative music, Queen's Hall, 8.15:

MIXED CONCERT.—Franck's symphonic variations (Irene Scharrer), Mozart and Verdi airs (Ina Souez and Dennis Noble), Tailleferre's harp concertino (Sidonie Goossens), Rimsky-Korsakov, Berlioz, Schubert and John Ireland: Sat., 7th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Florence Austral and Walter Widdop in extracts from the operas; also Sibelius' 7th Symphony and Balfour Gardiner's Shepherd Fennel's Dance: Mon., 9th.

ELGAR CONCERT.—Arias from "The Kingdom" (Isobel Baillie), violoncello concerto in E minor (Beatrice Harrison); also Rossini's Soirées Musicales suite, Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger": Tues., 10th.

SHOWS AND SPORT

In and Out of Town

COWES REGATTA.—The Royal Yacht Squadron at home in the Isle of Wight: Till Sat., 7th.

TIDWORTH TATTOO.—On Salisbury Plain, till Sat., 7th.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.—Till Sat., 7th.

NAVY WEEK.—At Portsmouth, Chatham and Plymouth, until Sat., 7th.

CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK.—Opens on Sat., 7th.

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REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Elinor Glover

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Otho Glover, of The Bent, Frodsham, Cheshire, and is engaged to Edmond George Williams, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Williams, of Wadhurst, Sussex

Hay Wrightson

Joan Mary Baker

Is the only daughter of Mr. C. V. Baker, of Buckland, Betchworth, Surrey, and Mrs. S. M. Baker, of Cirencester; she is engaged to Lt. Stephen Maydon, R.N., youngest son of the late T. G. Maydon, of Natal, and Mrs. Maydon, of Chaffey Moor, Bourton, Dorset

Edith Falck and Campbell Watson-Gandy

Edith Falck is the daughter of the late Carl Falck and Fru Falck, of Tonsberg, Norway, and has announced her engagement to Campbell Vere Watson-Gandy, The Black Watch, second son of Major Watson, M.C., and Mrs. Watson-Gandy, of 12, Kensington Square, W.8

Speaight

Sheila Cobley

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Cobley, of Chircombe, Bideford, Devon; she is engaged to Campbell Crichton-Miller, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Crichton-Miller, of 6, Devonshire Place, W.

Lenare

Peggy Carter-Ruck

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Carter-Ruck, of Burrow's Croft, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., and is engaged to Wilfrid Robin Leigh Kent, son of the late Leigh Kent and Mrs. Leslie Moore, of Washford, Somerset

Lenare

Patricia Nancy Twentyman

Is the younger daughter of the late Alan Twentyman and Mrs. Twentyman, of Muchall Hall, Penn, Staffs.; she is engaged to Hugh Benjamin Arber, eldest son of the late John Arber and Mrs. Arber, of 52, Pembridge Villas, W.11

Bertram Park

Corisande Walker

Is the younger daughter of the late Capt. Oswald Walker and Mme. de Juge Montespieu, of Séran, Lavaur, France; she is engaged to Mr. G. W. A. Denny, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Wriothesley Denny, of Garboldisham Manor, Norfolk

Vandyk

Mary Jocelyn Macnab

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. G. R. Macnab, of Burton Tower, Rossett, N. Wales; she is engaged to Captain Harold Arthur Tilney, 14th-20th King's Hussars, only son of Major and Mrs. H. J. Tilney, of Bussock Mayne, Newbury

Lenare

Cynthia Mary Stiles

Has announced her engagement to John Denis Twinberrow, Indian Police, son of the late John Wulstan Twinberrow and Mrs. Twinberrow, of The Rangers, Dursley, Gloucestershire; she is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Missing, of Alnmet Barn, Durham

Lenare

Rosemary Moore

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. H. G. Moore, of The Plantation, Stock, Ingatestone, Essex; she is engaged to Anthony Lascelles Birt, R.A., elder son of the late Capt. L. W. Birt and Mrs. Birt, of St. Mark's Court, Abercorn Place, N.W.8

Pearl Freeman

Mary Madeleine Mattei

Is the younger daughter of the late Marchese Mattei, of Capua Palace, Malta, and of Teresa Marchesa Mattei, and is engaged to John Anthony William Tothill, R.N., younger son of the late Admiral Sir Hugh Tothill and Lady Tothill, of The Chantry, Bradford-on-Avon

Robb — Anne

Brian Robb, youngest son of the late Andrew Robb and Mrs. Robb, of 23, Collingham Road, Chelsea, and Barbara Anne, daughter of Major George and the late Mrs. Anne, of 22, Draycott Avenue, Chelsea, were married at the Chapel of Burghwallis Hall, the bride's grandfather's home

de Baerdemaecker — Paynter

Olaf Poulsen de Baerdemaecker, of Chateau d'Hemelryck, Belgium, married Elizabeth Narcissa Paynter at St. Buryan, Cornwall; she is the only daughter of Col. C. H. Paynter and the late Mrs. Paynter, of Boskenna, St. Buryan

Dunlop — Howard Hall

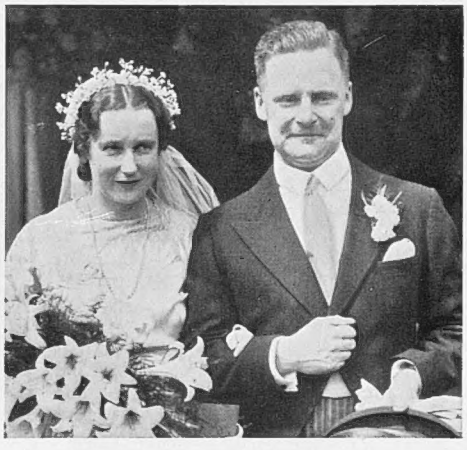
John Cathcart Hamilton Dunlop, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dunlop, of Seton Castle, Longniddry, East Lothian, and Aline Betty Howard Hall, younger daughter of the late Capt. B. Howard Hall and Mrs. Hall, of 41, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Tait — le Maitre

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Ian Andrew Tait, only son of the late Wilson Tait and Mrs. Tait, of 22, Down Street, W.1, married Denys Constance le Maitre, only daughter of the late W. Courtenay le Maitre and Mrs. le Maitre, of 2, Trevor Place, Knightsbridge

Coutts Trotter — Hiltermann

Paul Leslie Coutts Trotter and Mary Angela Hiltermann were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the younger son of the late Sir Murray Coutts Trotter and Lady Trotter, of 28, Argyle Mansions, W.14; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hiltermann, of 31, Melbury Court, W.8



Vanston — Hyde

Cecil George Vanston, son of the late Sir George Vanston and Lady Vanston, of Rathdown Park, Terenure, Co. Dublin, and Patricia Mary Hyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde, of Perth, W. Australia, were married at Brompton Oratory

Perry — Tomlin

John Perry, only son of the late Major R. T. Perry and Mrs. Perry, of Birklands, Guernsey, Channel Islands, and Violet Yvonne Napier Tomlin, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Napier Tomlin, of 39, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Cunningham — Ellis

Robert Cunningham, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, of Belfast, and Vera Ellis, only daughter of Mr. T. and the late Mrs. Barclay Ellis, of Beech Holme, Parkside, S.W.19, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

McCaskie — Krook

Norman McCaskie, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Norman McCaskie, of 14, Onslow Square, S.W.7, married Patience Krook at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the younger daughter of Mrs. Reginald Howlett, of Trafalgar Park, Kingston, Jamaica

4/6

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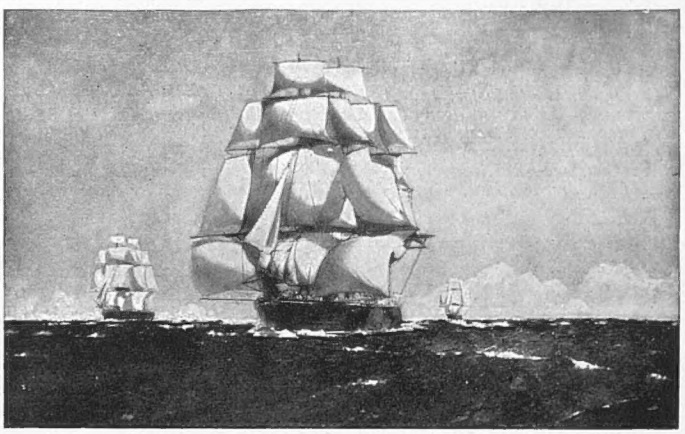

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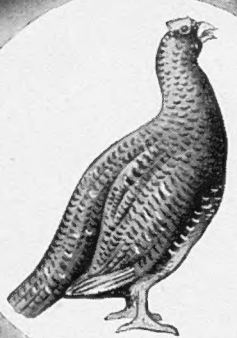

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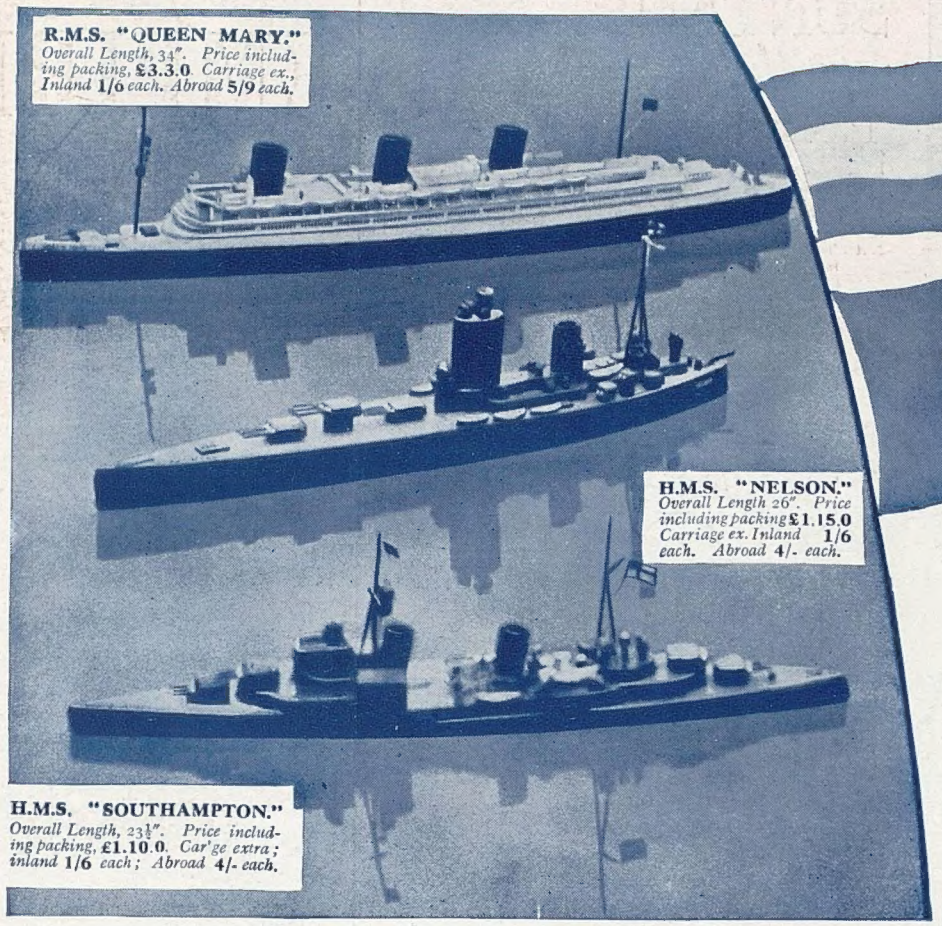

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